THE BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

VOL. VIII. CITY OF CLOVERPORT, KY., WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1884. NO. 42.

Stories on the Road.

Commercial Travelers at a Wayside Inn—Something to Put in a Gripsack.

"Gentlemen, I almost envy you the positions you fill; your experience of the world; your knowledge of business; the changing sights you see, and all that, you know."

This warmly expressed regret fell from the lips of an elderly pleasure tourist last August, and was addressed to a semi-circle of commercial travelers seated on the porch of the Lindell Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.

"Yes," responded a New York representative of the profession, "a drummer isn't without his pleasures, but he runs his risks, too—risks outside the chances of railroad collisions and steamboat explosions."

"What risks, for instance?"

"This, for instance," said Mr. W. D. Franklin, who was then traveling for an Eastern house, and is known to merchants in all parts of the country: "The risk—which, indeed, amounts almost to a certainty—of getting the dyspepsia from perpetual change of diet and water and from having no fixed hours for eating and sleeping. I myself was an example. I say was, for I am all right now."

"No discount on your digestion?" broke in a Chicago dry goods traveler, lighting his cigar afresh.

"Not a quarter per cent. But I had to give up traveling for a while. The dyspepsia ruined my paper. Finally I came across an advertisement of PARKER'S TONIC. I tried it, and it fixed me up to perfection. There is nothing on earth, in my opinion, equal to it as a cure for dyspepsia."

Messrs. Hiscox & Co., of New York, the proprietors, hold a letter from Mr. Franklin stating that precise fact. PARKER'S TONIC aids digestion, cures Malarial Fevers, Heartburn, Headache, Coughs and Colds, and all chronic diseases of the Liver and Kidneys. Put a bottle in your valise. Prices, 50c. and $1. Economy in larger size.

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BITTERS

The majority of the ills of the human body arise from a derangement of the **Liver**, *affecting both the stomach and bowels. In order to effect a cure, it is necessary to remove the cause. Irregular and Sluggish action of the Bowels, Headache, Sickness at the Stomach, Pain in the Back and Loins, etc., indicate that the Liver is at fault, and that nature requires assistance to enable this organ to throw off impurities.* **Prickly Ash Bitters** *are especially compounded for this purpose. They are mild in their action and effective as a cure; are pleasant to the taste and taken easily by both children and adults. Taken according to directions, they are a safe and pleasant cure for* **Dyspepsia, General Debility, Habitual Constipation, Diseased Kidneys, etc., etc.** *As a* **Blood Purifier** *they are superior to any other medicine; cleansing the system thoroughly, and imparting new life and energy to the invalid. It is a* **medicine and not an intoxicating** *beverage.*

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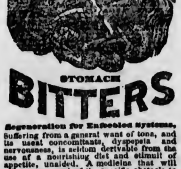

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Regeneration for Enfeebled Systems. Suffering from a general want of tone, and its usual concomitants, dyspepsia and nervousness, is seldom derivable from the use of a nourishing diet and stimuli of appetite, unaided. A medicine that will effect a removal of the specific obstacle to renewed health and vigor, that is a genuine corrective, is the real need. It is the possession of this grand requirement which makes Hostetter's Stomach Bitters so effective as an invigorant. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

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From these sources arise three-fourths of the diseases of the human race. These symptoms indicate their existence: **Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Sick Headache, fullness after eating, aversion to exertion of body or mind, Eructation of food, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, A feeling of having neglected some duty, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, highly colored Urine, CONSTIPATION,** and demand the use of a remedy that acts directly on the Liver. As a Liver medicine TUTT'S PILLS have no equal. Their action on the Kidneys and Skin is also prompt; removing all impurities through these three "scavengers of the system," producing appetite, sound digestion, regular stools, a clear skin and a vigorous body. TUTT'S PILLS cause no nausea or griping nor interfere with daily work and are a perfect

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TUTT'S MANUAL OF USEFUL RECEIPTS FREE.

IT RAINS.

It rains, it rains, O love of mine,
But what care I for rain or shine,
While sipping from ruby lips Love's wine
In brimming kisses,
Filling my soul with joys divine
And heavenly blisses?

It rains, it rains, but what care we
For weeping flower or dripping tree,
Or river that rushes like a sea,
While here, alone,
We join the lip and bend the knee
Before Love's throne?

WALLACE GRUELLE.

MABEL'S LOVER.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

ANTONY'S CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

It was rough weather that Christmas-tide.

Two nights before the arrival of the Holy Morning, Captain Seth Stapleton, of the schooner "Betsy," a trading coaster of one hundred tons, came rushing in over the bar with only his foretopsail and jib set, and was soon snugly berthed under shelter of the little quay. Thereupon Jack Parr, an imp of fifteen, who was apprenticed in a sort of formal way to the captain, leaped ashore merrily, and ran up to tell his father and his sister Martha that the "Betsy" was in port.

He found the little family at supper, and burst in upon them in the uproarious manner peculiar to sea urchins. They welcomed him gladly, for it was his first voyage, and they were glad to see him safe on dry land. He kissed Martha boisterously and Mabel bashfully, and affectionately saluted his father.

The meeting was scarcely over when Captain Seth himself rolled in, for to say he walked would be to do little justice to a kind of motion only to be acquired by constant lurching about on the decks of a small vessel. He was a young man under thirty, but so gnarled and weather-beaten, so rough and hairy, and so swathed up in rough nautical raiment, that he might have been taken for any age under fifty. His right eye was invariably half-closed, with the constant habit of looking to windward, and his voice was hoarse and far away, like a voice faintly heard in a gale.

For all that, he was the best of fellows; and Martha Parr, to whom he was engaged, was quite satisfied with his merits.

"What cheer, father?" asked the captain, when he had folded Martha to his ample waistcoat, kissed her, and shaken hands all round. "Any news of the 'Mary Jane?'"

He spoke as if hailing from a distance, and, though Amos stood directly facing him, put his hand to his ear as if to catch the reply.

The little chandler only shook his head.

"O, Captain Seth," cried Martha; "I'm afraid she's lost!"

"Don't you go and make no manner o' mistake, Martha," replied the captain, noticing Amos' crestfallen but almost imploring look. "Captain Mark Jones is aboard, and Billy Horncastle is his mate, and there ain't two better seamen atween here and Tynemouth. No, no; she's none lost. Maybe she's somewhat on the Dutch coast, biding her time for a run home!"

As he spoke, the wind roared at the casement, and the old house shook to its foundations.

"Hark to that, father!" he added cheerily. "Captain Mark ain't likely to lift anchor in such weather."

"How's Jack been behaving?" asked Martha, anxious to change the doleful subject.

"Middling, middling," said the captain.

The boy snapped his fingers and laughed gayly.

"Don't you believe him?" he cried. "I'm getting on splendid. I can smoke like a funnel, drink like a fish, and Ben the Barber is teaching me to chew."

The captain surveyed him from afar off with his weather eye, and growled good-humoredly.

"Why, you young lubber, you've been a groaning on your back in my cabin nigh all the voyage. I thought we should ha' to chuck him overboard, I did indeed; but there, it takes more than one spell to make a sailor."

All at once Mabel, who had been sitting quietly at the table, with her dreamy eyes fixed on the fire, rose to her feet with a joyful cry.

"What's the matter, Mabel?" asked her foster-sister.

"Hark, don't you hear?"

As she spoke, they heard distinctly, above the roar of the wind, the sound of a voice singing. It came nearer and nearer, till it seemed to cease just outside of the house.

"That's Antony Reilly's voice," cried Captain Seth; and he added more loudly, as if hailing, "Antony Reilly, ahoy!"

Martha ran to the door, and peeped out into the darkness, but saw nothing. Then they heard, from just under the antique casement opening on the little yard, or garden, a clear voice carolling the following words:—

"O, I was born in Connemara,
One day at home when my mather was out."

Then the song ceased, and a clear voice cried, "Open the windy!"

Mabel had already run close to the casement, laughing and listening. With a joyful cry, she now threw open the casement, which opened like a door, French fashion, almost to the ground. The wind shrieked, and the snow swept in; and at the same moment a burly figure, wrapt in a frieze great coat and covered with snow, leaped into the room. On his head he wore a hairy cap, with lappets drawn down over his ears; on his legs long sea-boots; but his hands were bare, and under his right arm he carried a small keg.

"Father Antony!" cried Mabel, clapping her hands with delight.

Antony nodded, and beamed greeting to the friendly faces shining all round. Then, with Mabel's assistance, he took off his snow-covered great coat, and hung it up on a nail in the window gable, and untying the strings of his hairy cap, threw it down on the window-seat, revealing to full view a bright, weather-beaten, clean-shaven face, closely cut hair, as white as snow, and eyes that twinkled with health and good humor.

"But why did you come that way?" asked Mabel, laughing.

Antony, who was growing more garrulous as years advanced, at once replied, in a voice clear as a bell, and full of music.

"Did ye ever know Antony Reilly come in by the door, like an honest man? My life's a sayeret, and my comings and goings is a sayeret; and I love a windy better than a door, and a chimbley better than either. Are ye there, Captain Seth? I'm telling Mabel I'm a rogue bred and born. There's nothing decent about me, barring my name; and that's not my own—it belongs to my father!"

So speaking, he advanced into the cheerful light of the fire, and saluted his friends seriatim.

"Always abusing yourself, Antony!" observed the ship chandler, quietly.

Antony threw up his head and laughed like a boy.

"That's my cunning! It's to give other people the cue to praise me," he added, reflectively, brushing the flakes of snow out of his rosy neck. "Sorra little there ever was in me to praise. I'm a dirty low thief of a smuggler, and I never in all my life did a good deed—but onst!"

So saying, he took a chair, and sat rubbing his hands together merrily, with a thorough enjoyment of his own wickedness.

"When was that, father Antony?" asked Mabel, coming close beside his chair, nestling to his side, and smiling down at him.

"When I snatched your own sweet self from the say, mavourneen!" he replied, beaming up at her. "I thought it was a say fairy ye were thin, sleeping so tranquil wid your little fist in your rosebud of a mouth, and now you're a full grown colleen, and as good as you're big, they're telling me! Look at that now!"

The girl slipped her little hand down, and he held it softly between his own, while he looked over at Captain Seth, who had also seated himself, with Martha by his side, and inquired, nodding amicably—

"And how's the captain, these times?"

The captain replied that he was never better, apart from a slight touch of the lumbago, somewhere in the region covered by the back of his enormous pea-jacket.

Antony then glanced thoughtfully at the master of the house, and asked in a lower key:

"Any news, Amos?"

"No news," replied Amos, dolefully. "I'm afraid the ship's lost, and if so, God help us all!"

There was an ominous silence, and a gloom fell upon all the faces present; but Antony, after heaving a heavy sigh with his eyes fixed on the red countenance of his old friend, was the first to shake off the shadow. To effect a diversion, he gently released Mabel's hand, and rose to his feet.

"Never say die till you're stretched out and being waked to glory. Where will I lave the keg; I'm afraid of the gaugers!"

"In the old place," replied the ship-chandler, rising too.

Then Amos took a candle from the table, and searching the paved floor found a movable stone, which he displaced, revealing a sort of hole in the ground. Into this hole Antony dropped the keg, but not before he had opened the bung and replenished the case bottle on the table, filling the apartment with the perfume of choice schiedam, many degrees above proof. Then the stone was set carefully in its place.

But Antony, who never came empty-handed, had not yet done. Running over to his great-coat, he felt in his pockets, and came back with both hands loaded.

"Look, Martha, darlint, I've brought yo some new silk ribbons, forbye some prime cigars for the men that's going to own ye. Try them, captain—they're telling me they're swate smoking, though myself I prefer the pipe."

Martha took her ribbons, and the captain at once lighted one of the cigars, a perfect Havanna, by the rush candle. Then Antony, going to his coat again, and holding his hands behind him, looked merrily at Mabel.

"What d'ye think I've brought you, darlint? Ye'll never guess!"

She gave up the attempt at once, and Antony, with much importance, produced a small paper parcel; this he undid triumphantly, and after unfolding and throwing away several of its wrappers, revealed a dingy brochure, quarto shaped, printed in black letter, and bearing all the signs of age.

"Sure I knew you loved a bit o' print better than anything in the world, and I got this from an ould coastguardsman in exchange for a drop of my own importing."

With a cry of pleasure, Mabel took the tome, and opened it at the title-page, which read as follows, in quaint old-fashioned clumsy black type:—

YE TRUE AND STRANGE STORIE
OF MYNHERE VANDERDECKEN,
CALLED YE FLYINGE DUCHMANNE,
AND HIS DOOM'D BARQUE,
CALL'D YE FANTOME SHIPPE.

English'd oute of ye Duche, and prynt'd by Roger Yorke, at ye Signe of ye Blacke Cocke, Lichfield, 1615.

With gleaming eyes, the maiden first read the words herself, and then murmured them aloud, to the evident consternation of Antony himself.

"Look at that now!" he exclaimed lugubriously. "Is that in it, mavourneen? If I'd know, I'd never have brung it."

"Why not, Father Antony?" asked Mabel, eagerly, turning over the leaves.

"Because it's not for young colleens to read about Dutchmen and the divil. Bad luck to him that gave it me! I tould him I couldn't read nor write, and he said it was poetry stuff, quite convenient for a colleen to read."

"And there is poetry, too, Father Antony," replied Mabel, who had in the meantime discovered at the end of the prose narrative some black letter verses, entitled "Ye Sad Ballade of Ye Flying Duchemanne."

"Listen!" she added, and read in a low but clear voice the following verse, which we print in more orthodox English:—

"Forever and evermore,
His soul must range the deep,
Till woman's faith and women's luve
Shall bring his spirit sleep."

Curiously enough, the reading of the verse seemed to make not only Antony Reilly, but Captain Seth, exceedingly uneasy. "Avast!" groaned the latter, fidgeting uncomfortably in his chair, while Antony held out his hand and tried to take the book back.

"Give it back to me, darlint! It's fairy work, I'm thinking!"

But Mabel was not at all disposed to part with her prize; and at last, laughing merrily, she ran with it up the oaken staircase to the rooms above. Antony shook his head dismally, and Captain Seth uttered another groan.

"What's the matter?" said Martha, rather astonished.

The captain did not reply, but looked compassionately at Amos Parr. The fact was, he had a sailor's superstitious horror of the very mention of the famous Dutch Ship, and thought it might have some mysterious bearing on the fate of the missing Mary Jane. He had something else on his mind, as will soon be seen.

"Never mind, Mabel," said Amos Parr; "the book will do her no harm. But you spoil her, Antony! She's too fond of poetry and superstitious folly already. Dreaming! always dreaming! It drives all the roses out of her cheeks. I'll be bound she's locked up in her room, devouring the rubbish already."

Antony was about to reply, when all eyes were directed on Captain Seth. He was struggling in his chair apoplectically, and giving vent to extraordinary sounds, as of something working within him. At last he rose to his feet, and hailed the company.

"Mates, list' to me!" he said with a gasp.

They all looked at him in wonder.

"I didn't ought to mention it p'raps," he continued, "but it's on my mind. Last night, I seen something, out theer!"

And he swept his hairy hand in the direction of the sea.

"Well, well, what did you see?" asked Amos, smiling and shrugging his thin shoulders.

"The Flying Dutchman itself, or I'm no sailor. I were at the helm, mates! Suddenly I seo her, scudding under full sail when my boat was lying-to under double reefed topsail and storm-jib. Mates, I thought we was lost, but a few hours afterward we sighted Allary Lights, passed the Beacon, and came over the bar safe and sound."

Antony gave vent to a prolonged whistle and Martha looked a little distressed. But Jack Parr laughed, and Amos Parr, with twinkling eye, patted the giant on the shoulder, and said:

"Come, come, captain, tell that tale to the marines!"

But the captain was too lost in his cogitations to resent this skepticism.

"Mates," he continued, "I ought to be a drowned man by rights, yet here I be, and what puzzles me is this here—that ship ought to be seen off Cape Horn, yet theer she was in the Channel, not thirty mile from the Dutch Coast."

Amos laughed again, and poured himself out a glass of spirits.

"A sailor's fancy," he said; "some passing ship!"

This time Captain Seth turned his weather eye on the speaker, and surveyed him steadily from head to foot. Then he returned solemnly:—

"No ship of that cut sails the sea but one, and that ship's sailed by no living man!"

Antony Reilly made no remark, but was plainly puzzled by his own thoughts. A gloom fell over the company, which was not entirely dissipated when Antony and the captain said good-bye for the night.

CHAPTER II.

THE LEGEND.

Meantime, Mabel, safely locked in her own room, a tiny chamber close to the roof, and with a little window looking out to sea, was seated on her bed, a rush candle on the pillow at her side, and deep in the perusal of the strange old chronicle. As she read, her eyes widened in wonder, and her color came and went, and presently her tears began to fall.

Part of the strange old legend is, doubtless, familiar to our readers; certain details, however, are to be found only in the authentic chronicle she was reading.

It told how a certain Dutch captain, by name Philip Vanderdecken, descendants of whom were even then living in Amsterdam, had offended both man and God by his wicked life, his want of Christian religion, and his piracies on the high seas; how he went from bad to worse, and never took God's name save in vain; how at last one winter night, when attempting to round Cape Horn, he had sworn with frightful oaths that he would either succeed in his attempt or never cease sailing until the Judgment day; and how, even then, the direful doom had been cast upon him, that he should, indeed, sail the stormy seas forever—that is, till the Lord Christ cometh to judge the quick and dead. As it was doomed, so it was fulfilled. Instead of dying blessedly like other men, the doomed captain lived on, carrying tempest and devastation wherever he sailed; never resting, never sleeping, ever struggling and blaspheming, amidst the pitiless elements which sought in vain to destroy him. Again and again he tried to die, but could not—nor could any of his wicked crew. That was his doom; that he should never sleep, nor rest, nor find a pillow in the grave, until his sin was atoned. A thousand times he cried in his despair for Death to come to him, but his prayer, being impenitent, was never answered. The lightning struck and spared him, the wind and the sea smote, but did not harm him; he raved, blasphemed, and ever when Death passed by clutched at his chilly robe without avail. So he lived on, bringing terror and fatality to all who caught a glimpse of his doomed vessel.

This was the first part of the chronicle; but there was a second, even more pitiful—as the maiden's ready tears betokened.

It came to pass after many years that Christ the Son, the All Merciful and All Loving, in his supreme pity for the most undeserving of his human brethren, so interceded with God the Father that He released the Flying Dutchman from a certain issue of his despair; insomuch as He promised to let his own dark Angel of Death take the man and give him sleep, if ever he should discover a living woman willing to share his sorrows and his doom. For this purpose, and with a view to his spiritual regeneration, he was suffered once every seven years to come to land and to seek for sympathy and pity—most of all, for love. And he had ranged every land of the broad earth on this weary quest. None knew him as the accurst of God, and he had, by God's will, command of whatever treasure he chose, so that he sometimes appeared in splendid raiment as a powerful prince, and sometimes as a poor and wandering student, and sometimes as a sailor fresh from over sea. Then many women loved him—some for his gold, others for his face (which was beautiful as that of an angel), and others for his mystery and power; but none loved him truly, and most turned from him before he could even discover his secret and say, "Will you give your soul alive to me, for Love's sake?" The chronicle told of how he wooed a beautiful Princess of the Inds, who betrayed and would have slain him; and a passionate lady of Italy, who was false to him; and a simple shepherdess of the Alps, who, calling upon Christ to save her from him and from sin, to which he had driven her, did die in his despairing arms; and of many others, all of whom were fearful, or unworthy, or unfaithful, when the hour of trial came. And ever, at the lapse of every earthly visitation (which lasted, once every seven years, for the space of the moon's four quarters) he returned to the seas, blaspheming anew against God and hating all woman kind. There, alas! (said the chronicle) he saileth to this day, in infinite despair; nor doth any man think that ever woman will be found faithful enough in Love to sacrifice herself so utterly for a creature under God's ban. Nor, if such a woman be found, will her task be easy; for having parted with him on earth at the wane of the moon, she must sail to seek him on the great ocean, and when his ship is found, she must row to it in a frail boat, and leap upon the deck alone, and call upon her lover thrice in the name of Christ the Lord. Then, and then only, the doom would be uplifted; but, alas! uplifted it will never be, since there is no woman born of a woman that is so devoted or so desperate as to face so terrible a fate.

Mabel read and read, while her tears fell, and the infinite pity of the tale filled her gentle soul. When she had read it once, she read it again. It seemed so real, so pitiful! It did not seem possible that it was merely a fancy and a dream.

For Mabel was a child, on the threshold of womanhood, and her spirit was full of superstition and sweet romance. She saw the Lonely Man before her eyes, even as he was pictured in the chronicle; a pale man of singular beauty, tall and graceful exceedingly, with raven hair, a face like alabaster, and eyes as bright as precious stones; with thin rings of gold in his ears, and singular jewels glittering on his hands which were described as delicate and white as snow. What maiden would not have fallen in love with such a picture, as Mabel did? What maiden would not have dreamed, as Mabel did, that it would be easy to live or die for such a lover?

That night, before she fell to sleep, she prayed for the Flying Dutchman, and for all men who were beautiful and sorrowful like him; and she prayed, moreover, that God might some day bring such a sufferer to her that she might show there was at least one true maiden in the world! Even when her eyes closed, her thoughts were full of the new vision. She saw the Lonely Ship upon the sea, she heard the crying of the tempest, she caught glimpses of a beautiful phantom figure that trod the deck, companionless and alone; and her heart yearned out to him in infinite love and pity, and she thirsted to go to him through the tempest, and to die with him if need be, since nothing could be sweeter or blesseder than so to die!

Poor child! It was the first awakening of love within her soul. Who shall smile at her simple thoughts and prayers? Such prayers and thoughts fly forth as doves on the troubled waters of human life; they shall abide imperishable, when all this cloudy fabric of the sense has passed away; and, thanks to them, and to the spirit of love which inspires them, many a storm-tossed soul shall be saved indeed!

Continued next week.

A Mother's Hint.
Philadelphia Call.

Lillian—What a queer title for a book, ma!

Ma—What title?

Lillian—"Not Like Other Girls."

Ma—It is rather odd. Is it a novel?

Lillian—Yes. I wonder what the heroine can be if she is not like other girls?

Ma—I don't know, unless she goes into the kitchen and helps her mother instead of staying in the parlor to read novels.

A TALK WITH JEFF DAVIS.

Opinions He is Said to Have Expressed About Grant, Sherman, Lincoln, and Others.
Indianapolis Journal.

Mr. William L. Taylor of the law firm of Peelle & Taylor returned yesterday from New Orleans. While on the trip he visited Jefferson Davis at his home, near Beauvoir, Miss., a small station on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, midway between Mobile and New Orleans. Mr. Taylor describes the home of the confederate leader as a typical old time plantation mansion, one story in height, with spacious halls and an imposing portico. The house lies in view of the Gulf, and is surrounded by a thick grove of orange and magnolia trees. Mr. Taylor says that he was received cordially by Mr. Davis, and, after they had been talking a few moments Mrs. Davis and her daughter, a handsome young lady, appeared in the room, accompanied by a young Chicago lawyer. Mr. Davis insisted that he should remain in the house over night. During the evening the conversation turned upon the war, and Mr. Davis talked freely upon all subjects that were brought up.

"What is the southern estimate of the federal generals?" inquired Mr. Taylor.

"I can not give you the southern estimate," Mr. Davis replied. "I can give you my own estimate."

"What do you think of Grant?" was asked.

"Grant," he said "was largely a creature of circumstances. I remember that the first time I met Grant was when he was stationed on the Pacific Coast as a lieutenant. I was then secretary of war. He was charged with drunkenness and neglect of duty. I gave him his choice between standing trial and resigning. He resigned. I knew that he would. Gen. Grant was a great military commander. He was very tenacious. He fought a battle as a matter of business. Men were mere cogs in the wheel. All the men and means he wanted were placed at his command, and he had every advantage. He would have been discharged from the army of the Potomac if it had not been that too many changes had already taken place in the army."

"What is your estimate of Gen. Sherman?" was asked.

"Sherman," Mr. Davis said, "was looked upon in the south as Alaric was by the Romans. He was their 'scourge of God.' He was cruel, yet he was a great strategist."

"Yes," interrupted Miss Davis, "he was an inhuman monster. What he did not use he destroyed."

"Sherman hesitated," Mr. Davis continued, "for a long time between joining the confederate army and the union army. We were uncertain which he would do. He finally joined the union army, thinking, I suppose, that more could be gained by it."

"My idea," remarked Mr. Davis, "is that Meade was the most skilful general in the federal army. Gen. Lee once said to me that he could understand the movements of all the generals in the federal army easier than those of Gen. Meade. Those above Meade never allowed him to display his full power. He was hampered and kept down through jealousy."

Mr. Taylor—How did you regard McClellan?

"Well, sir, McClellan was the best trained soldier in the war. While secretary of war I sent him on three important missions—one to Europe, to study military methods. He returned with a better knowledge of military discipline and methods than was possessed by any man in his country."

Mr Taylor—Could he have entered Richmond if he had pushed on across the Chickamauga?

"Well," Mr. Davis answered, laughing, "I once knew a farmer who said that if his foresight had been as good as his hindsight he might have made a fortune on cotton. Something of the same kind was probably the fault with McClellan. If he had known the weakness of the confederates, and had thrown his army across the river, I think he could have entered Richmond. We thought he would, and I believe Gen. Lee thought so, too."

Mr. Taylor—Who do you regard as the greatest of the confederate generals?

"I consider Gen. Sidney Johnson as the greatest general produced on either side by the late war. Gen. Lee stands next in my estimation, and as we move away from the war his desperate struggle against overwhelming numbers will be a marvel in war annals."

"Mr. Lincoln was a vulgar joker," Mr. Mr. Davis said, "but withal he was a great man. He was wise and he was honest. He could have been of great good to the south if he had lived, and his untimely death was a great loss to us." He was quiet and apparently in deep meditation for several minutes, and then resumed: "Yes, it was a great loss, for he was succeeded by a low, mean demagogue—Johnson—and a demagogue is the worst of men. Johnson was unschooled, but a man of great native ability. He had no convictions, and tried to please all. Lincoln was a man of great vigor of mind, although he was plain and rough. If Mr. Lincoln had lived, the south would have had a president that understood her condition, and he would have been of more benefit to her than any other man could possibly have been. He was an honest man. His death was a great misfortune to the south."

Washington Territory Described.
Alta-Californian.

A gentleman who has just returned from Washington Territory was asked how he liked the country. "Well, sir," he replied, "every bunch of willows is a mighty forest, every frog pond a sylvan lake, every waterfall a second Niagara, every ridge of rocks a gold mine, every town a county-seat, and every man a liar."

THE MAGIC POWER OF MONEY.

It Makes 300 People Miss Their Train and Blockades a Street.
New York Herald.

He was a small boy, but he whistled like a steam calliope as he came joyously down Cortlandt street yesterday afternoon about 5 o'clock, tossing a silver quarter into the air and catching it behind his back. At the corner of West street the quarter and his hand failed to connect, and the coin fell to the pavement with a triumphant jingle.

"No yer don't," said the boy, "fur 'f I lose dat quarter where'll I come in on de paul fur drinks ternight?" and down he went on his knees. So did a messenger boy who heard the quarter drop and was suddenly filled with a desire to find it on his own account. Two newsboys and a bootblack volunteered their services in the search, while a walking advertisement for somebody's soap felt likewise impelled to help find it. The next moment four shop girls, who came sailing along arm in arm, stopped for a moment, and then, moved by a common curiosity, bent over the kneeling group. Within a quarter of a minute fully a score of people had halted on their way to the ferry to see what was the matter, and before they could move on were hemmed in by a hundred more who wanted to know the same thing.

In less than two minutes the street was completely blocked, and as those on the outside of the crowd were trying to force their way in with their elbows, and those inside were trying to push their way out, the harmony of the occasion was not conspicuous.

Meanwhile the most alarming and conflicting rumors sprang up as to what had happened.

"A lady's lost her diamond ring."

"That ain't it; a man's dropped dead of heart disease."

"I'll tell you what—a girl's just stabbed her lover in the back," whereat every one transformed himself into a human auger and tried to bore a way in so as to get a glimpse of what was going on.

It took three policemen and their clubs four minutes to get to the center of the crowd, where they found the unfortunate small boy still minus the quarter and nearly crushed to death. They promptly pulled him up on the charge of "obstructing the highway," but, on the earnest intercession of several gentlemen, let him go and turned their attention to dispersing the crowd, which they succeeded in doing only after 300 people had missed the boat for the 5.10 train on the Jersey side.

ANOTHER OCEAN TRAGEDY.

The State of Florida Sunk in Mid-Ocean With Great Loss of Life.

QUEBEC, May 7.—The painful suspense that prevailed here all day with regard to the survivors of the disaster to the ill-fated steamer State of Florida, was relieved tonight by the arrival of the Donaldson steamer Titania, from Glasgow for Montreal, with twenty-four of the saved party. The Titania reached port at 8.15 p. m., and proceeded straight to Montreal. The order to land the party saved here, which the river police were prepared to execute by taking them off in mid stream as she slacked to ship her Montreal pilot, had been countermanded by the vessel's owner, and instructions received to carry them through to Montreal. The Titania was boarded, however, by press reporters, who accompanied her for some distance up the river, and gleaned some of the particulars of the disaster.

The captain of the Titania reports that on May 5, at 9 p. m., while proceeding up the gulf and off Bird Rocks, he observed a ship exhibiting two bright lights, and thinking she wished to communicate bore down on her and took off 21 of the passengers and crew rescued from the State of Florida off Glasgow. The steamship City of Rome passed them while on board the ship Louisiana and answered their signals, but did not stop.

The following is the official report of the third officer:

"The State of Florida left New York on the 12th of April with about 167 passengers and crew and a full general cargo. All went well until the night of the 18th, at 11:30 o'clock, when we came in collision with the bark Ponema, of Chatham, N. B., Capt. Hetburn, and both ships went down almost instantly, and out of the steamer's passengers and crew only forty-four, including the stewardess, managed to escape in the boats, and out of the bark's crew of fifteen, only the captain and two seamen were saved. The next morning the bark was observed bottom up. The survivors, after being thirty-five hours in the boats without food or water, were rescued by the Norwegian bark Theresa, of Christiania, from that port, bound for Quebec. On the 22nd twenty-four of them were transferred to the Louisa, of and from Cardiff for Quebec, where they remained until the 5th of May, when taken on board the Titania for Quebec. It is believed 135 lives were lost.

A Missouri Snake Story.
Troy Free Press.

While I was mowing in the meadow I heard a couple of old guinea hens making a fearful noise, and upon going where they were I found that a very large black snake had coiled itself around the nest, in which were three eggs. I soon concluded from his looks that he had been swallowing eggs, so I took up my mowing blade and cut his head off pretty well back to the first egg. Standing upon his tail with one foot, and pressing his body with the back of my mowing blade, I very soon landed nineteen eggs, safe and sound, all in a pile. Then with a stick I very carefully rolled them back into the nest, making twenty-two in all. The old hen, after considerable sparring around went on the nest again, and in a few days came strutting to the yard with nineteen little chicks. Upon going back to the nest I found three eggs which had not hatched, and they were rotten.

"Virtue, Liberty and Independence" is the language on Pennsylvania's coat-of-arms. The omission of the word "Protection" is no doubt due to the carelessness of some old-time compositor, and probably happened while the proof-reader was out enjoying the circus.—[Louisville Times.

Gen. Grant favors Gen. Logan for the presidency.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1884.

WALLACE GRUELLE . . . . Editor

PROCEEDINGS OF THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION.

Editorial Correspondence.

FRANKFORT, May 8.—The convention assembled yesterday in the opera house, and was called to order promptly at noon by Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, chairman of the state committee, who briefly stated that the object of the convention was to appoint delegates to the national convention.

Hon. Charles Offutt, of Bourbon, was elected temporary chairman, and Mr. Thos. P. Carothers, of Campbell county, chosen secretary.

Committees on credentials and r s duties were then appointed, after which the convention adjourned till 7 o'clock p. m.

The following gentlemen composed the committee on resolutions: Hons. Henry Watterson, of Jefferson; W. M. Beckner, of Clark; Willis B. Machen, of Lyon; J. A. Munday, of Daviess; H. H. Skiles, of Warren; Samuel E. Hill, of Ohio; Geo. M. Davie, of Jefferson; R. W. Nelson, of Campbell; Hart Gibson, of Fayette; J. R. Burnam, of Madison; Judge Ireland, of Greenup; Rodney Haggard, of Clark; and S. H. Boles, of Barren.

EVENING SESSION.

The convention was called to order at 7 o'clock by the temporary chairman. The report of the committee on credentials was presented and adopted. Pending the report of the committee on resolutions, loud calls were made on distinguished gentlemen for speeches, among others Mr. Henry Watterson, who was not in the hall. Hon. W. R. Haynes, of Grayson, in an eloquent and eulogistic speech, moved that a committee be appointed to wait upon Mr Watterson and invite him to address the convention. About the close of Mr Haynes' remarks, Mr Watterson made his appearance, and was promptly invited to the platform by the chairman, where he proceeded to give one of the most earnest impassioned and eloquent little speeches I ever listened to. Nearly every sentence was a battle call or rallying cry, and every word, almost, that fell from his lips evoked the wildest enthusiasm. For the first time I realized the magnetism of the man.

At the close of his address he presented the following report (which was adopted unanimously) of the committee on

RESOLUTIONS.

The democracy of Kentucky, in convention assembled, declare:

First—We pledge ourselves anew to the constitutional doctrines and traditions of the democratic party as illustrated by the teachings and example of a long line of democratic statesmen and patriots, as embodied in the platforms of the national democratic conventions of 1876 and 1880.

Second—We do especially renew our declarations of hostility to centralization, as that dangerous spirit of encroachment which tends to consolidate the powers of government, and thus to create in whatever form a real despotism, with all its subsidies to corporations and grants without consideration of the public property; and we again express our conviction of the urgent necessity of the general and thorough reform of the civil service.

Third—We do especially deny the right of the government to surrender its taxing power to corporations or individuals, which is the result of both the theory and practice of the republican party, and we denounce the present tariff, which burdens the people with excessive war taxes in time of peace, as a master piece of injustice, inequality and false pretense. We arraign the republican party as the creator and defender of a system which has impoverished many industries to subsidize a few; which has prohibited imports that might purchase the products of American labor, and degraded American commerce from the first to an inferior rank on the high seas, which has cut down the sales of American manufactures at home and abroad, and depleted the return of the American agriculture, an industry followed by half of our people. It costs the tax-payers five times more than it yields the treasury; it promotes fraud, fosters smuggling, corrupts officials, enriches the few by forcing bounties from the many, and favors the dishonest, and to bankrupt honest merchants. We assert the doctrine of the constitution, that all taxation shall be exclusively for revenue, and demand that no more revenue shall be collected than is required to meet the expenses and obligations of the government economically administered.

To which was appended, by unanimous vote, the following resolution presented by Mr. R. W. Nelson, of Campbell:

Resolved That, believing that no geographical line should exist in this country, as a test of eligibility to any office in the gift of the whole people, but that the standard of honesty competency, fidelity and constitutional citizenship alone should prevail, Kentucky recommends to the democracy of the union for the presidency of the United States him whose elevation to the third office in the nation was the first step to the obliteration of the seam left by the late civil war; who was first to lead his own party back to its own national platform of steady approach toward the removal of obstructions to trade, the foremost exponent of all the living democratic principles of to day, Hon. John G. Carlisle.

The reading and adoption of the above platform was followed by a genuine old-fashioned democratic love feast, during which we were regaled with some excellent short speeches.

Gen. Basil Duke, chairman of the committee on permanent organization, reported the name of Hon. Boyd Winchester, of Jefferson, for permanent president, and a list of vice presidents comprised of one from each congressional district. Hon Lafayette Green, of Grayson, represented the old fourth in the list. Mr. T. P. Carothers was continued as secretary. Col. J. Stoddard Johnston was continued in the position of chairman of the state central committee. Hon. Sam E. Hill, of Ohio, represents our congressional district on the committee. On the state executive committee, Mr Jas. S. Wortham, of Grayson, represents our district.

When Mr. Winchester took the chair as president of the convention, he briefly thanked the delegates for the honor they had conferred upon him, and announced that the election of delegates for the state at large was the first thing in order, whereupon

Mr Michael Saufley, of Lincoln, nominated Hon. Henry Watterson, of Jefferson.

Judge Savage, of Boyd, nominated Col. J. Stoddard Johnston, of Franklin.

Hon. Duke, of Jefferson, nominated Hon. James A. McKenzie, of Christian.

Judge Lindsay of Franklin, nominated Hon. Thomas L. Jones, of Campbell.

Mr. Jacob Corbett, of Ballard, nominated Mr. Samuel M. Burdette, of Garrard.

Mr. W. H. Ratcliffe, of Harrison, nominated Hon T. P. Hallam, of Kenton.

Mr T. H. Painter, of Greenup, nominated Col W. C. P. Breckinridge, of Fayette.

Two ballots were taken, Mr. Hallam being dropped after the first and the name of Col. Breckinridge being withdrawn. The second ballot resulted as follows:

Watterson	591	McKenzie	591
Johnston	467½	Jones	365½
Burdette			375½

Messrs. Watterson, Johnston, McKenzie and Jones were declared elected as delegates at large.

On motion, Messrs. Thos. Read, of McCracken, Jacob Corbett, of Ballard, J. C. Beckham, of Shelby, and Z. T. Young, of Rowan, were chosen as alternates.

The next business in order being the election of electors for the state at large, Messrs. W. J. Hendrick, of Fleming, W. H. Fleming, of Jefferson, J. R. Botts, of Carter, M. Saufley, of Lincoln, W. H. McCoy, of Kenton, and Ben S. Robbins, of Oldham, and J. F. Dempsey, of Hopkins, were placed in nomination.

On motion, it was agreed that the two candidates receiving the highest number of votes should be declared the electors and the two receiving the next highest number of votes should be declared the assistant electors.

The ballot resulted in the election of Robbins and Fleming as electors, and Hendrick and Dempsey as assistant electors.

The following list of district delegates and electors was reported and ratified by the convention:

FIRST DISTRICT.

Delegates—J. F. White, of Caldwell, and R. A. Burnett, of Trigg. Alternates—I. M. Quigley, of McCracken, and W. F. Greyot, of Livingston.

Elector—Rhea Boyd, of McCracken. Assistant—W. M. Reed, of Marshall.

SECOND DISTRICT.

Delegates—W. H. Orr, of Hopkins, and Hunter Wood, of Christian. Alternates—F. M. Baker, of Webster, and Montgomery Merritt, of Henderson.

Elector—Cromwell Adair, of Union.

THIRD DISTRICT.

Delegates—W. F. Owsley, of Cumberland, and W. B. Jefferson, of Todd. Alternates—M. C. Hay, of Muhlenburg, and E. Stockdale, of Logan.

Elector—John S. Rhea, of Logan.

Assistant—R. Y. Thomas, of Muhlenburg.

FOURTH DISTRICT.

Delegates—A. J. Gross, of Breckenridge, and W. C. McCord, of Washington. Alternates—H. H. Smith, of Larue, and W. R. Haynes, of Grayson.

Elector—Sam B. Berry, of Marion.

FIFTH DISTRICT.

Delegates—John G. Roach, of Louisville, and Thos. H. Sherley, of Jefferson county. Alternates—S. E. English and Ed Briscoe, both of Louisville.

Elector—Joshua F Bullitt, jr. Assistant—Chas. E. Kincaid, of Louisville.

SIXTH DISTRICT.

Delegates—F. P. Helm, of Kenton, and J. C. Norman, of Boone. Alternates—W. F. Peake, of Trimble, and J. T. McClure, of Grant.

Elector—L. T. Applegate, of Pendleton. Assistant—M. D. Gray, of Grant.

SEVENTH DISTRICT.

Delegates—T. J. Megibben, of Harrison, and Attila Cox, of Owen. Alternates—E. F. Clay, of Bourbon, and John Gillespie, of Woodford.

Elector—Ira Julian, of Franklin. Assistant—W. M. Cravens.

EIGHTH DISTRICT.

Delegates—W. G. Welch, of Lincoln, and L. W. McKee, of Anderson. Alternates—E. H. Gaither, of Mercer, and R. H. Tomlinson, of Garrard.

Elector—G. N. Robinson, of Shelby. Assistant—N. D. Niles.

NINTH DISTRICT.

Delegates—J. M. Hiner, of Lewis, and A. J. Bradford, of Bracken. Alternates—R. H. Yantis, of Fleming, and F. F. Freeze, of Lawrence.

Electors—S. S. Savage, of Boyd, Hanson Kennedy and W. B. Deering.

TENTH DISTRICT.

Delegates—Lewis Apperson, of Montgomery, and Gilbert Garrard, of Clay.

Elector—John P. Salyer, of Boyd. Assistant—W. H. Laughlin.

ELEVENTH DISTRICT.

Delegates—J. B. Montgomery, of Taylor, and J. J. Ootts, of Wayne. Alternates—S. E. Jones, of Barren, and Robert Gibson, of Pulaski.

Elector—R. T. Hurt, of Metcalfe. Assistant—J. H. Chandler.

And then the convention adjourned *sine die*, at 2 o'clock this morning. J.D.B.

A SHOCKING ACCIDENT.

A Shotgun Bursts and Inflicts Terrible Injuries on Little Tommy Bishop.

Monday morning Master Tommy, the fourteen-year old son of Mr. James Bishop, of Hardinsburg, took his shotgun and went into the woods to hunt squirrels. About nine o'clock, as Mr. Nelson Ball was riding towards town, when near the Cave Spring he heard an unusually loud explosion of a gun, immediately followed by screams of distress. Running in the direction of the outcry he soon came upon Master Tommy, who was in a most deplorable condition. The barrel of his gun had burst and torn off the two last fingers of his left hand, besides tearing and mutilating that member in a horrible manner. A piece of the disrupted weapon had also struck him above the right eye with sufficient force to fracture the bone. Mr Ball promptly brought him home to his parents and medical skill was called into requisition. We are glad to learn that the physicians do not consider the little fellow's life in danger.

THE BROKEN BUDS.

Died at its home two miles southwest of Rockvale postoffice, this county, at 11 o'clock a. m., Wednesday, April 30, 1884, of measles, Jesse Taylor, son of Thomas and Josephine Clemmons, aged three months. The infant was very healthy till it took the contagion, which terminated its short stay in one week.

At 1 o'clock p. m., Thursday, May 1, it was taken to the Luther Clemmons graveyard, and laid by the side of its little sister, Larudala, who preceded it September 4, 1883, aged two years and one month. This little sister died of the flux that was then raging in the community it resided in, and at the time of its death it was not reported to the NEWS, as the departed was in another neighborhood. This terrible disease, which was no doubt cholera, closed the life of this child in four days.

Deep in our hearts, now lonely grief,
Dark sorrow finds its way;
Death has robbed us of our children,
God has called them away.

FORBES.

A Social Entertainment.

The young ladies of this city will inaugurate the social entertainment season next Wednesday, the 21st inst., at Fisher's Hall, with a Pink Tea, the proceeds to be devoted to a worthy purpose. They request everybody, young and old, married and single, to attend, promising a most enjoyable time. The price of admission will be fifty cents, and no extra charge after you are once inside for any thing. The sight of the congress of beauty that will be there assembled will be worth twice the price of admission, and the good things that will be dispensed by the blushing beauties to comfort and cheer the inner man will be beyond price. Don't fail to go, young man, and be happy, and be sure to attend, old man, and get yourself rejuvenated.

LOOK OUT FOR THEM

Description of Three Murderers for Whom Five Hundred Dollars Reward is Offered.

The following is the personal description of three of the murderers of the late Mr. Loftus Burns, and for whose arrest and delivery to the jailor of Hancock county, Ky., at Hawesville, the governor offers a reward of $500. They are supposed to be making their way to their old haunts in southern Kentucky or Tennessee:

HENRY WADE, ALIAS HENRY SMITH,

is low of stature, but heavy set, weighing about 150 pounds; has light hair and blue or gray eyes; his beard, when worn, is red; has one upper front tooth out; has a sour morose look; is left-handed; has very red or florid face; is 31 or 32 years old.

HENRY HAMNER, ALIAS HENRY MAGINNESS,

is tall and slender, being over six feet in height; is very crooked or stoop-shouldered; leans forward when walking; has light hair and blue eyes; weighs about 150 or 160 pounds; aged about 23 or 24 years.

NATHAN THORPE

is heavy built and weighs about 160 pounds; has dark hair, eyes and complexion; his face is covered with dark splotches known as freckle cakes; leans forward when walking, is very profane, almost every other word when talking being an oath; his age is about 21 or 22.

☞ Our state exchanges, and particularly those in southern and western Kentucky, are requested, in the interest of justice, to republish the above descriptions of these fugitive murderers.

Hancock Circuit Court.

After a fruitless effort to obtain a continuance, an application was made for a change of venue in the case of the commonwealth against Joe Bonner for the killing of Robert Newman. Witnesses were introduced pro and con, whereupon the application was sustained and a change granted to Daviess county. The choice of counties finally narrowed to Breckenridge and Daviess. One of the reasons urged against Breckenridge county was that the NEWS had published an account that might have had the effect to excite undue prejudice against the defendant in that county.

James Downs was acquitted by a jury of the charge of stealing the money ($74 00) of Philander Hatfield.

George M. Henderson was awarded a new trial. He had been convicted of setting up and exhibiting a "wheel of fortune" at a picnic near Lewisport. An alleged error in the instructions of the court was assigned, and the court, Hon. Geo. W. Williams, special judge, conceived that he may have erred in one of them to the defendant's prejudice, and granted a new trial. The penalty is a fine of $500 and to be forever disqualified from voting or holding office.

The case of the commonwealth against Miles Cheney, alias Coffey, was called on Monday afternoon, David R. Murray and M. A. Mason, esqs., by appointment of court, appearing for the defense. An affidavit for a continuance, alleging that Mrs. Addie Smith, wife of one of the other defendants jointly charged in the indictment with the murder of Loftus Burns, had stated to two female witnesses, who were not present, that she intended to swear lies against Cheney that would put him where he could tell nothing against her husband to hurt him as an accomplice in the murder, was filed. The statements of the affidavit were admitted, subject to their competency, by Mr. Noe, the commonwealth's attorney, and the trial ordered to proceed. Some difficulty was experienced in getting a jury, the facts of the case being quite notorious, and court adjourned Monday evening lacking two jurors. The sheriff was directed to summon by Tuesday morning a sufficient number of men from which to select the requisite number. There is no reasonable doubt that the pannel was completed yesterday. The jury is kept in charge by the officers.

Mr. Pierce Set Right.

Last week, in a paragraph giving the result of the city election, we inadvertently did Hon. R. R. Pierce an injustice in publishing his name as a candidate for mayor on the saloon keeper's ticket. While it is true enough that his name was printed on the ticket, yet, as he has since explained to us, it was not only without his consent, but without his knowledge until the evening before the election, which was Sunday, and that Monday morning, before the voting commenced, he made speeches in both wards in which he expressly and emphatically declared that he was not a candidate, but a supporter of the Citizens' Ticket—that he wanted White to be elected mayor, and Skillman and Bowmer to his ward, and Gruelle in the Second Ward—they being the only candidates on the Citizens' Ticket who were antagonized by the whisky element—elected councilmen. And, as a proof of his sincerity, he was the first man at the polls in his ward to vote, and that vote was cast for White, Skillman and Bowmer. And here, we are glad to explain a misunderstanding on the part of a couple of gentlemen who were present when the First Ward polls were opened, and from which originated the erroneous report which prevailed on the day of the election that Mr. Pierce had ordered his name to be placed on the poll books to be voted for. When Mr. Pierce concluded his remarks at the First Ward polls he turned to the clerk said, "Mr Clerk, put my name down." The clerk did so, and Mr. Pierce promptly voted for White, Bowmer and Skillman. The gentlemen standing by heard his remark, and, as, in his remarks, although he had declared that he was not a candidate, yet qualified that declaration with the assurance that if his friends wanted to compliment him by voting for him it would be all right, they naturally understood him to direct the clerk to put his name on the books to be voted for. Yet such was not the fact. He simply had it recorded as a voter.

We are glad that Mr Pierce has explained the matter to us so satisfactorily. We were pained to come down in town on the morning of the election and find his name at the head of what we considered a disreputable ticket—a ticket that unblushing arrayed immorally against morality, whisky against sobriety, the saloon business against all reputable callings and avocations—in a word, vice against virtue. Unfortunately, in his two addresses, Mr. Pierce did himself injury in telling his friends that it was all right if they wished to vote for him, thus, in great measure nullifying his declaration that he was not a candidate. We so understood it, and every man we heard say any thing about it expressed themselves of the same opinion. We are glad to be corrected, and are glad that we are enabled to place Mr. Pierce in a correct position before the people. The use of his name on the whisky ticket was not only unauthorized by him, but was an act of inexcusable impertinence.

A Library Within Easy Reach.

Funk & Wagnalls, New York, are doing a great work for the lovers of standard books. They have published in a single volume, cloth quarto size, such works as Macaulay's and Carlyle's Essays, John Ruskin's "Ethics of the Dust," also his "Frondes Agrestes," Charles Kingsley's "Hermits," Lamartine's "Life of Joan of Arc," Demosthenes' Orations (2 vols.) Disraeli's "Calamities of Authors," and other works by masters—in all 11, and this important volume, cloth bound, they sell for only $3.75. See the large advertisement of this house on another page. No one needs be without books now.

IN the event that either Tom Buford or John Corneilison is elected governor, the editor of the Louisville Democrat will be appointed secretary of state.

Attention, Farmers!

The good farmers of Breckenridge and surrounding counties, your attention is called to our large and complete line of

Farming Implements!

on which we offer liberal and special inducements. We call particular attention to the FAMOUS and

SOUTH BEND CHILL PLOW,

and other steel plows of the very best brands. We have in stock the

LITTLE EMPIRE HARVESTER

and Twine Binder, which is the lightest in weight, lightest in draught, fewer pieces of machinery, most durable, simplest of all, and superior to any yet put in the field. Our new JUNIOR EMPIRE MOWER is the boss of all and we challenge any other mower to show as many superior points. We are also agents for the

RUSSELL & CO. STEAM ENGINE & THRESHER,

which we will furnish at the lowest cash prices. We also keep a full supply of Wagons, Spring Wagons, Buggies, Harrows, Cutting Boxes, Grain Drills, Hay Rakes, &c. Our

Blacksmithing and Wagonmaking

departments are run by the best mechanics the country affords, and all work is guaranteed to give satisfaction. Call and see us when you come to town.

J. C. YEAGER & SON,

Successors to Wm. Cooper, West End of Iron Bridge, Cloverport.

MILLINERY
THIS WEEK!

Mrs. H. V. Duncan, Agent,

Will receive her Spring and Summer stock of Millinery. A cordial invitation is extended to all to call and examine this

GRAND DISPLAY
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S HATS AND BONNETS,

unequalled in workmanship, artistic designs and effects, and in assortment unapproachable.

Ribbons, French and American Flowers, Wreaths, Tips and Plumes, in all the Latest Colorings.

To all who will avail themselves of this opportunity to visit our establishment, we give our guarantee that they will have occasion to neither find fault nor be disappointed, and that the saving to be effected by the difference in prices will fully compensate for even a long journey. What we claim for our Millinery we also claim for our display of

Ladies' Notions

in Gloves, Handkerchiefs, Linen and Lace Collars, Hosiery, Corsets, Hair Ornaments, Laces, Satins, and whatever else one can possibly need for personal adornment.

Mrs. H. V. DUNCAN, Agent.

CLOVERPORT, KY.

IS DR. KURTZ CRAZY?

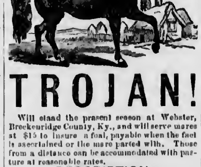
His Father-in-law Claims That a Sane Man Has Been Sent to the Mad House.

Louisville Times, 8th.

Mr. Daniel Lane, father-in-law to Dr. G. H. Kurtz, who was pronounced insane and committed to the Anchorage asylum a few weeks since, was in the city this morning making inquiries as to the whereabouts of the doctor. It will be remembered that Dr. Kurtz escaped from the asylum last Sunday afternoon, and was recaptured by officers at Sixth and Market streets Monday morning. Mr. Lane had not heard of his return to the asylum, and showed a great deal of anxiety and excitement about the matter. His remarks upon the trial and conviction of Dr. Kurtz were not characterized by mildness. He denounced the finding of the jury as a work of mingled malice and stupidity. "No one who knows Dr. Kurtz will believe for a moment that he is crazy. Among all his acquaintance—and it is a very large one—you can not find a man, woman or child who will say that he is crazy. That Dr. Kurtz's mind has been overstrained I will admit. Whose would not be with as much bearing upon it as there is upon his? He has a large and valuable farm, and never lacks means. His only failing is a visionary desire to do business—a larger business than he is either able or capable of doing. Why, sir, whenever any one is dangerously ill in his neighborhood Dr. Kurtz is always forced into going. Long ago he gave up his practice to his brother; but as I said, whenever there is anything very serious he is made to attend. Do you think the people would ask a crazy man to attend them in a case of dangerous illness? In the trial of Dr. Kurtz the jury sat for hours without finding the slightest evidence of his insanity. About midnight his physician arose and explained to the jury the full case, touching upon Dr. Kurtz hallucination. He ended by volunteering to see that his patient's interests and the public should not suffer from this. The jury at once took this as an evidence of insanity, and found a verdict upon it. It is an outrage, sir, an outrage. Dr. Posey, superintendent of the asylum, who knows Dr. Kurtz well, says that he is satisfied there is nothing wrong with him. He has not been able to make a thorough examination as yet, but expresses the opinion that such a one will enable him to send the patient back to his home. Knowing Dr. Kurtz's ability as a practitioner, the superintendent took him thro' the wards with him a few days since to view the different patients, and listened to his suggestions as to the proper treatment. Is that the manner in which a lunatic is usually treated? No, sir, Dr. Kurtz is not crazy and never was, but if he is not so after staying in that place a while, I shall be very much surprised. I should be crazy, I know."

IT is reported that Judge Jim Mulligan, of Lexington, has abandoned the democratic party and gone over to the republicans. If Blaine is nominated at Chicago he will probably commission Jim as commander of the Mulligan guards. But he will not write him a letter, you bet.

The Celebrated Norman Stallion,



TROJAN!

Will stand the present season at Webster, Breckenridge County, Ky., and will serve mares at $15 to insure a foal, payable when the fact is ascertained or the mare parted with. Those from a distance can be accommodated with pasture at reasonable rates.

DESCRIPTION.

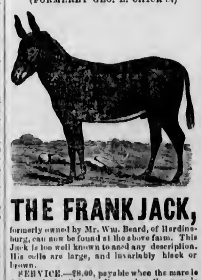
TROJAN is a full-blooded Norman, beautiful dapple grey, 7 years old, 16¼ hands high, and was imported in 1881.

Also, the combined Harness and Draught Stallion, CANTERBURY PILGRIM, JR., 16 hands 1 inch, a beautiful bay, will stand the present season at Webster four days and at Union Star two days in each week, beginning at the latter place next Friday and Saturday, May 1-2. Will serve mares at $10 to insure.

H. D. KURTZ.

Basin Spring Stock Farm,

(FORMERLY GEO. E. CHICK'S.)



THE FRANK JACK,

formerly owned by Mr. Wm. Beard, of Hardinsburg, can now be found at the above farm. This Jack is too well known to need any description. His colts are large, and invariably black or brown.

SERVICE.—$8.00, payable when the mare is delivered of a living colt, or when the mare is parted with if sold.

WILLIS BOARD, Manager.

TAYLOR & ARMENDT,

DENTISTS,

FREDRICA STREET,

OWENSBORO, KY.

J. BACON & SONS.

SPRING & SUMMER OFFERING

PEERLESS PEERLESS **SOI D' ORLEANS** PEERLESS PEERLESS

THE GRANDEST PRODUCT OF THE PRESENT CENTURY!

AN UNRIVALED DRESS SILK!

The embodiment of Science, Art and Native Excellence in Black, Solid Colors, and Fancy Designs. We are the Importers and Sole American Agents for those goods.

DRESS GOODS
of every Imaginable Description!
OUR OWN IMPORTATION
of Embroideries and Laces!
FRENCH, ENGLISH
and German Hosiery!

CORSETS!

LADIES' MUSLIN UNDERWEAR!

CHILDREN'S FINE LACE CAPS
AND BONNETS!

In a Great Variety of Style and Price.

Lawns, Piques and Percales.

HIGH ART
DRESS GINGHAMS

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

Rugs, Mats, Crumb Cloths,
OIL CLOTHS, Etc., Etc.

LACE CURTAINS, POLES, RINGS AND CHAINS.

MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT.

Samples and prices sent by mail of all kinds of merchandise, with the exception of carpets, free of charge. We have a regular department under the supervision of one of the firm, for this branch of our business, and will insure those entrusting their orders to us that they may depend upon having them filled with the same promptness, care and at the same prices as if under their own supervision. In writing please state this paper. Enclose 3-cent stamp in sending for samples, and please state about the price goods wanted. J. BACON & SONS.

J. BACON & SONS

Importers, Jobbers & Retailers,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

MAY & PATTERSON,

Wish to call the attention of the Farmers and Public Generally of Breckenridge and Hancock counties, Ky., and Perry county, Ind., to their Full and Complete Stock of Agricultural Implements.

PLOWS OF ALL KINDS,
WAGONS, LIGHT AND HEAVY,

Spring Wagons,
Buck Wagons,
Road Wagons,
Farm Wagons,
Buggies made to order,
FOR LESS CASH THAN ANY OTHER HOUSE.

Wheelbarrows,
Hoes and Frows,
Chains and Wedges,
Singletrees and Doubletrees,
FOR LESS CASH THAN ANYBODY.

SELF BINDERS,
DROPPERS, SELF RAKES,
HAY RAKES,
ETC., ETC., ETC.,
For Less Cash than any House in Town.

Iron and Steel, Spokes and Felloes, Hubs and Thimble Skeynes, Axletrees and Tongues, Anvils and Tongs, Bellows and Small Tools, all of which we propose to sell as low as any responsible firm in the county. We don't expect to swap dollars even, but will not be undersold. Don't believe any body, but come and see for yourself. WE MAKE THE BEST PLOW-MAKER, AND BEST WAGON AND CARRIAGE IRONER in Breckenridge county. If you don't believe it, "put up the tin. ☞ Special attention paid to Horseshoeing and Wagon Repairing. ☜ PLANO SELF BINDER AND WARRIOR MOWER. Highest awards. Don't cut grain. "Come to law." A field trial will "knock the persimmons." Steam Boilers patched and repaired on short notice. Work warranted. When you come to the city call and see us at H. J. May's old stand, East end of the Iron Bridge.

M. MEYER,

FORMERLY M. MEYER & CO.,

BURAS, KY.

I take pleasure in announcing to the public that I am just in receipt of a new, large, and carefully selected stock of

Spring and Summer Goods,

embracing a full line of Ladies Dress Goods, Gents' Furnishing Goods, Pure Drugs, Stoves, Tinware, Queensware, Hardware, Family Groceries, Garden Seeds, Saddles, Bridles, Blankets, Harness, Oliver and Meikle Plows, Studebaker Wagons, Etc., Etc., all of which he will Cheaper than the Cheapest for Cash or Country Produce. Will pay the highest market price for Wool.

M. MEYER.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One inch, first insertion..............$1 00
" " second insertion............... 50

Marriage, birth and death notices free. Obituary notices and tributes of respect, 5 cents per line.

Business locals 10 cents per line, and 5 cents for each additional insertion.

Calls upon persons to become candidates, 10 cents per line.

Liberal contracts can be made for large advertisements to be inserted more than once.

For further information address
J. D. BABBAGE, Publisher.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 14, 1884.

ATTENTION!

Is asked to the GREENCASTLE ROAD CART. No horse motion. Easy on man and horse. Made for business and for use in town. With top and without. Easy to get in and out as a phaeton. First-class work only, and warranted for one year. Sample Cart can be seen at Dr. Brown's stable. He is agent for its sale in Breckenridge county.

LOCAL BREVITIES.

County court next Monday.

Clover Creek is in splendid condition for fishing.

Buck Adkisson, of Stephensport, was in town Monday.

If you want a 7-step Stove for $9:50, go to J. L. Miller's.

The improvements to the Star Mills, this city, will cost $7,000.

J. L. Miller will sell one hundred 7-step Stoves at $9:50 each.

Stoves, for the next 30 days for $9:50, at J. L. Miller's.

The Star Mills building looms up above everything in town.

The new city council will meet and organize next Tuesday night.

Mrs. H. V. Duncan and son, Master David, went to Louisville Sunday.

If you want a 7-step Stove, buy it within the next 30 days of J. L. MILLER.

Jake Weiss is "on the road" in the interest of J. F. Sulzer & Bro., of this city.

Born—To the wife of Dr. B. F. Rafferty, a son.—To the wife of Mr. Chas. Reidel, a daughter.

Mr. Nat Griffiths has returned to Louisville, after a visit of several weeks to Mr. John Burks, of Holt.

J. L. Miller has the largest stock of Reaping and Mowing Machines and Hay Rakes in this country.

The skating rink will be opened tomorrow night. The price of admission will be 50 cents for each couple.

J. W. McMillen has sold out his shoe shop in this city to his brother, and has removed to Stephensport.

Dr. W. B. White qualified last Monday before Judge Mercer, of the county court, as mayor of the city of Cloverport.

The Baptist Church of this city refused to accept Bro. Lampton's resignation, and he is continued for another year.

If you want Clothing for men, youth or boys, Hats, Boots or Shoes, etc., cheap for cash, call on E. H. Mitcham, Rosetta.

Mr. E. S. Foote, cashier at Phillips Bros. & McAtee's, drew $200 in the Louisiana lottery last month.—[Owensboro Messenger.

The old board of trustees, at an adjourned meeting last Saturday night, issued certificates of election to the newly elected mayor and council.

DIED—Of consumption, near Liberty Hall, Breckenridge county, Ky., on Sunday, the 11th inst., at 9 o'clock a. m., Lawrence Talbot Keenan, aged 21, leaving a wife and one child.

The September and March coupons of the Cloverport school bonds, amounting to $560, having been paid were turned over by the treasurer to a committee who burned them last week.

Bro. Lampton filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church Sunday. The announcement that he was to have resigned his charge of this church at this meeting was premature.

The funeral of the late Chas. Patterson will be preached the first Sunday in June, at Clover Creek church, by Rev. Thos. N. Robinson, at 11 o'clock a. m. Relatives and friends of deceased are cordially invited to attend.

The attention of the stockholders of the Hardinsburg and Cloverport turnpike is again called to the fact that a meeting will be held at 'Squire Chapin's office in Cloverport, next Saturday, which it is of the utmost importance that every stockholder should attend.

A Plymouth Rock hen belonging to Mrs. H. J. May, of this city, hatched a chicken last Thursday that had four legs, three beaks and three eyes. The legs were on each side of the body, two under the wings and the others farther back; the beaks were in a row, side by side. Two of the eyes were in the usual position, and the third directly between them, in the centre of the head. It did not live.

We are pleased to learn that the report that Rev. Dr. Helm was about to leave this county to take charge of a Louisville church is unfounded. He is at Louisville undergoing medical treatment for a painfully sore hand, and will return home as soon as cured, which we hope may be right speedily. Breckenridge county can not afford to lose Dr. Helm as a citizen, and the Baptist churches in this region can not spare him from their pulpits.

Dr. D. M. Board died last Saturday morning, May 10, at his residence in Big Spring, after a brief illness. Dr. Board was eminent as a successful physician, and was the only brother of Mrs. C. W. Moorman and Mrs. Dr. F. M. Smith, of this city. He was aged about 35, and leaves a wife and one child. He was a man of many admirable qualities of head and heart, and the vacancy caused by his death in society and the profession to which he was an ornament, will be hard to fill.

About 10 o'clock Monday morning the livery, feed and sale stables of Mr. Roland Smith, Hardinsburg, were destroyed by fire, supposed to have originated from the lighted stub of a cigar carelessly tossed by some one where it came in contact with straw or some other combustible material. All the contents of the stable except the provender was saved. Mr. Smith's loss is estimated at from $1,500 to $2,000. The stable of Hon. Green Beard, adjoining the above, was also destroyed with its contents, inflicting about the same amount of loss upon Mr. B.

The Colored Jubilee Singers of this city contemplate giving two entertainments, next Friday and Saturday nights, at Fisher's Hall, for the benefit of the new church building the colored Methodists propose to erect. The entertainment will consist of singing, tableaux and dramatic acts. This troupe contains considerable musical talent, and will undoubtedly give a very pleasing entertainment. Their object is most praiseworthy, and we hope the house will be crowded, as the prices of admission are exceedingly low, as follows: Adults, 25 cents; children, 15 cents; and lady and gentlemen, together, 35 cents.

THE BURNS MURDERERS

Take the Back Track, and Signalize Their Re-entry of Breckenridge County by a Bold Highway Robbery.

Last Saturday afternoon a young man named Mingus, residing on Caimes Creek, in this county, was returning to his home from Walker's Mill. When coming down the Pullen Hill, near Hudsonville, a man stepped from behind a tree on the roadside, caught his horse by the bridle, presented a cocked revolver, and demanded his money. Young Mingus protested that he had no money about him. Just then a second man stepped out from covert with the remark, "We do not take men's words for any thing in this country," and, suiting action to speech, ran his hand into Mingus' pockets, securing his wallet, which he opened and extracted therefrom the sum of $21, with the interrogatory comment, "What did you tell that G—d d—d lie for?"

The first man, whose description as given by Mingus, answers to that of Henry Wade, alias Smith—as the description of the second fits Hamner, alias Maginnass, in a T—turn began to question Mingus as to who had money in that neighborhood, calling off the names of Chris. Pyle, Dr. Ben Harned, and others, as pat as if he were well acquainted with that section. To every question young Mingus declared profound ignorance of the financial status of everybody named. After remarking that they proposed to "find out d—d soon" who had and who had not money, they handed the empty pocketbook to Mingus and ordered him to go on his way, a command he was not slow to obey. He gave intelligence of his mishap and soon an armed party started in pursuit of the robbers.

Sunday morning they struck their trail, which was almost a return on the exact track they had pursued in their flight from the officers a week before, and a little after noon came to the house of Mr. Shrewsbury where they had been only fifteen minutes before. The robbers had disappeared in an adjacent hollow, which the pursuers quickly surrounded, placing pickets at points where they would be likely to emerge. One of these, a young man named Tucker, had been in position but a little while, when he saw three men emerge from the thicket and walk off very briskly. He halted them, but they gave no heed. He halted them a second time, and again they paid no attention. He then leveled his gun on them and pulled trigger, but the weapon played him false. The second barrel proved as treacherous as the first. He quickly put on new caps and again essayed to fire, and this time with success, but the robbers were too far off for the shot to reach them. At the report of the gun the fugitives turned and began to advance rapidly on Tucker. The report of his weapon had also reached the ears of a neighboring picket, who hurried up to see what was the matter. As he came up and saw the three men advancing on Tucker, he comprehended the situation, and promptly fired upon them. One of them clapped his hand on his stomach, turned, and ran swiftly into the woods, followed by his companions. By this time it was growing too dark to continue the pursuit, and in this position were all the parties when our informant left the scene.

THE END OF A RAPE FIEND.

Miles Petty, a Black Ravisher, Taken From the Elizabethtown Jail by a Mob and Hanged to a Limb.

Several months ago Miles Petty, a black brute in human form, ravished Miss Cora Vannert, the prepossessing daughter of a well to-do farmer residing near the village of Sonora, Hardin county. The victim of the fiendish lust of this black devil is a most estimable young white lady, and the entire community was aroused to a pitch of excitement unparalleled in the history of the county. A company of vigilantes was immediately formed to execute summary justice on the scoundrel, but the officers getting wind of the movement hurried their prisoner off to Elizabethtown. The mob followed them up so closely, however, that it was deemed wise to take Petty on to Louisville. In order to do this the officers were compelled to abandon the railroad and cut across the country to Brandenburg, where they crossed the river into Indiana, and succeeded in getting their prisoner safe at the Falls City.

The grand jury having returned a "true bill" against the ravisher, he was secretly brought back to Elizabethtown Wednesday night, the 7th instant, circuit court being in session, to stand his trial, which was set for Friday. So quietly had the transfer of Petty been made that scarcely any one in the latter town outside the officers of the law was aware of his presence. It leaked out in the direction of the mob, however, and that vindictive and determined body at once began preparations for taking the punishment of the villain into their own hands. So quiet and secret were their movements that no one dreamed of the terrible tragedy that was to end a scoundrel's life and avenge an unfortunate young lady's wrong. In fact, all fear of the mob had departed from the bosoms of the officials, and the community had settled down to the conviction that the law would be permitted to take its course without obstruction, and, soothed with this belief, Elizabethtown went to sleep Thursday night without a care to harrass her pillow and drive slumber from her eyelids.

But the mob had determined otherwise. Out among the Nolin hills it gathered. Swiftly and silently it marched over the starlit roads until, about midnight it arrived at the edge of town, where it halted and waited for about an hour until the noise made by some late revelers in the streets had died away and silence reigned in the town. Then sixteen fearless and determined men were detailed to visit the jail, procure the doomed ravisher, and bring him to the main body. When they reached the jail, on the door of which they made an attack, their noise brought the jailor to the door of his residence, adjoining the prison, when he was promptly seized and the keys of the jail demanded of him. He protested that they were in his dwelling. He was dragged inside to procure the keys, where his wife handed them to one of the mob. The jailor was then released and ordered to keep in doors.

In a few minutes more the doomed negro was in the hands of the mob, and in less time than it takes to write this was on his way to death.

When morning broke upon the waking town news of the past night's raid of the mob spread like wildfire, and curious parties began searching the vicinity of the outskirts for traces of their work. About three-quarters of a mile from town, hanging to the limb of a tree by the side of the Nashville pike, was found the body of the scoundrel cold and stiff in death. On the breast of his coat was pinned a card bearing this inscription:

> WARNING!
>
> Father's Jury, May 9.
> 1:15 a. m.

In half an hour after the discovery of the body the entire male population of the town were out viewing the hanging body which was finally cut down by the coroner and taken back to town for inquest and burial.

Mob law at best is deplorable and indefensible, but, if there is any justification for it, it is in the cases of such scoundrels as Miles Petty.

THROUGH inadvertence we neglected last week to note the advent of "The Times," Louisville's new daily, under the editorial control of Emmett G. Logan and E. Polk Johnson. It would be a credit to any city, and that it is brave, bright, sparkling and newsy goes without saying, for neither of its editors could write a dull line to save their neck. We wish the boys luck and fame with and from the best afternoon paper ever thrown from the press in Louisville.

Dr. Hugh Kennedy, president of the Cloverport Oil and Coal Company, arrived last Friday, on a brief visit to Col. Archibald Fairleigh and Capt. Johnston. He was accompanied by Mr. E. P. Rathbone, associate member of the Institut of Civil Engineering, and one of the well known firm of Bainbridge, Seymour & Rathbone, mining and consulting engineers, Westminster, London, who are connected with influential capitalists. Mr. Rathbone's visit was to inspect the property of the company and report its productive resources, with a view to the introduction of English capital for the construction and extension of the railway system in the country adjacent, as projected by Dr. Kennedy. He thoroughly examined the entire property, and we are pleased (but not surprised) to learn that he found it much more valuable than this magnificent estate had been represented in England, and he will return at an early date to prosecute the inspection with great minuteness. Dr. Kennedy and Mr. Rathbone returned to Louisville on the packet Monday night.

BURAS.

It rained so last Sunday there was no Sunday school.

Mr. Henry Smith, of Big Spring, and Mr. Ezra Harned, of Howe's Valley, were in town to-day; also Mrs. Harned is visiting relatives at this place.

Johnnie Carman, sick of fever, is convalescing.

The birthday of Miss M. B. Davis was celebrated to-day. All the folk in town were there, and enjoyed themselves exceedingly well. The dinner was excellent. She was the recipient of many tasty presents.

The colored population of this vicinity have a speaking at one of their houses to-night.

Our Literary Society, which has been convening here has been changed into a "Mock Legislature."

Misses Mollie and Annie McGuffin were visiting this place last Saturday and Sunday.
J. M. & B.

THE STATE NEWS.

Vanceburg is going to put up an opera house and bank building.

Ministers, Lawyers, Teachers, and others whose occupation gives them but little exercise should use Carter's Little Liver Pills for torpid liver and biliousness. One is a dose.

Hopkinsville is attempting to revive her defunct telephone exchange.

U. S. District Attorney Speaks.

Col. H. Walters, U. S. District Attorney, Kansas City, Mo., author zes the following statement: "*Samaritan Nervine* cured my niece of spasms." Get at druggists. $1.50.

A Baltimore drummer named Thompson is in jail at Hopkinsville for horse stealing.

FITS: All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fit after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2 00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline. 931 Arch St. Phila., Pa.

John R. Wolfe, formerly a bank clerk at Georgetown, has been arrested for forgery.

Last winter I found positive relief from Catarrh with Ely's Cream Balm. Was troubled for years. I have no doubt a thorough use of Cream Balm will cure a great majority of cases.—E. D. NORTON, Ithaca, N. Y. (See ad.)

The story of the killing of a negro corn thief in Ballard county by Robert Wakefield is a canard.

Messrs. Ely Bros., Druggists, Owego, N. Y.—Enclosed please find money for four bottles of Cream Balm. I tried it on a man who could not smell at all. After using your balm for six days could smell everything.—J. C. MATHEWS, Salem, N. C. [Price 50 cents.]

Austin Ball was murdered on a raft-boat at Louisville last Thursday morning by some one unknown.

I can safely recommend Ely's Cream Balm for the cure of Catarrh, Cold in the Head, etc. Before I have used the first bottle I purchased I find myself cured. At times I could scarcely smell anything and had a headache most of the time.—HENRY LILLY, Agent for the American Express Co., Grand Haven, Mich. (Price 50c.)

Mr. E. H. Thomas, the well known engraver, of Louisville, died of alcoholism in that city last Thursday.

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," so says the old adage, and so the proof of the value of a medicine is the opinions of those who have used it. Thos. Bass, Sr., of Steelville, says, "I have used Prickly Ash Bitters in my family for 2 years for ailments of the kidneys, liver and bowels, and find there is no remedy equal to it."

Three convicts overpowered and killed a penitentiary guard near Mt. Vernon, Thursday, and made their escape.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money returned. Price 25 cents per box For sale by W. G. Short.

Hon. Sam M. Sanders, legislator from Larue county, was married to a handsome young Frankfort widow Wednesday night.

Thousands Say So.

Mr. T. W. Atkins, Girard, Kan., writes: "I never hesitate to recommend your Electric Bitters to my customers, they give entire satisfaction and are rapid sellers." Electric Bitters are the purest and best medicine known and will positively cure Kidney and Liver complaints. Purify the blood and regulate the bowels. No family can afford to be without them. They will save hundreds of dollars in doctor's bills every year. Sold at fifty cents a bottle by W. G. Short.

George Cecil, a Nelson county moonshiner, is reported to have been shot and killed by revenue officers one day last week.

A Walking Skeleton.

Mr. E. Springer, of Mechanicsburg, Pa., writes: "I was afflicted with lung fever and abscess on lungs, and reduced to a *walking Skeleton*. Got a free trial bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which did me so much good that I bought a dollar bottle. After using three bottles, found myself once more a man, completely restored to health, with a hearty appetite, and a gain in flesh of 38 lbs." Call at W. G. Short's Drug Store and get a free trial bottle of this certain cure for all Lung Diseases. Large bottles $1 00

Robert Hamilton was found Friday morning mortally wounded on the commons in Louisville. All the circumstances point to murder.

Mr. Gough on Silk Hats.

"It would be no violation of the commandment" said John B. Gough, "if a man were to fall down and worship the silk hat, for it is not made in the likeness of any thing in heaven, or on earth, or in the waters which are under the earth." Besides it heats the head and causes the hair to fall off. Parker's Hair Balsam will stop that and restore the original color to gray or faded hair. Not oily, not a dye. Beneficial, deliciously perfumed. A perfect hair dressing. 50c. All druggists.

When you want a strong Business Suit of clothes made to order for $22, go to J. WINTER & CO., corner Third and Market streets, second floor, Louisville, KY.

WHEN you want a better grade made to order, J. WINTER & CO., corner of Third and Market streets, will do it for $25.

OUR SILK and WORSTED, very pretty and dressy, J. WINTER & CO., corner Third and Market streets, will make to order for $30.

IF you will "stretch your purse" and "go" higher, one of the same quality you have been in the habit of paying your "tailor" $42 or $45 for, J. WINTER & CO., corner Third and Market streets, owing to their unequaled facilities, will make you to order for $35.

SEE J. WINTER & CO.'S MERCHANT TAILOR DEPARTMENT, Second Floor, corner Third and Market streets, Louisville, Ky. It will "teach you" prices, "post" you in "the latest," and you may find it to your interest to "leave your measure."

OWENSBORO PLANING MILL,
FRONT AND LOCUST STREETS,
CARY & TAYLOR,
—MANUFACTURERS OF—
SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDINGS,
BRACKETS, &c., &c.

Also dealers in all kinds of Dressed and Undressed Lumber. Rough Lumber taken in exchange for Finished work. Persons contemplating Building or Repairing will find it to their interest to call and see us or write for prices before purchasing elsewhere.

The Highest Cash Price paid for Lumber.

MARCH 19, 1884.

WITT & CONRAD
COME TO THE FRONT

With a large and complete stock of all kinds of Farming Implements, which they are offering at very low prices.

SPECIALTIES.

Urie Clipper Plows,
Avery Chilled and Steel Plows,
the best chilled plow in the market, and warranted inferior to none.
Blount's True Blue Plows, Cultivators and Sulkies.
—ALSO AGENTS FOR—
The Hoosier Drill, and
The Springfield Engine and Thresher,
Osborne & Co.'s Mowers, Reapers
and Self-Binding Harvesters.

THE FARMER'S CHOICE WAGON

is of our own manufacture, and warranted to be one of the best wagons made. We also manufacture Buggies and Plows, which for durability and workmanship cannot be excelled in this market. Blacksmithing and Repairing have our special attention.

OUR HORSESHOEING

is done by ABNER DENT, who is recognized to be one of the best shoers in the state. We invite farmers and all who wish to procure anything in our line to call on us before purchasing elsewhere, as we are prepared to give you good work at very low figures.

WITT & CONRAD.
CLOVERPORT, KENTUCKY.

Attention
Stockholders.

Hardinsburg & Cloverport Turnpike Co.

A meeting of the stockholders of the above company is called to meet in Cloverport, at 'Squire Chapin's office, on Saturday, May 17th, 1884. A full attendance is necessary.
J. T. MILLER, Prest.
J. D. BABBAGE, Sec'y.

DENT, BASSETT & CO.,

have in their sheds and for sale 5 carloads of High Grade Bone Fertilizers, comprising the following brands and prices:

Currie's Raw Bone,
At $3 40 per Bag.
Currie's Super Phosphate,
At $3 40 per Bag.
Empire Bone Meal,
At $3 26 per Bag.
Corn Grower,
At $3 20 per Bag.
Tobacco Compound,
At $4 00 per Bag.
Tobacco Grower,
At $3 00 per Hundred

Remember there is no margin on the above goods. We can not sell them on time, however short. Currie's Ammoniated Bone and Falls City brands come cheaper.
DENT, BASSETT & CO.,
Leitchfield, Ky.

BOOKS of every description at Babbage's. School Books and supplies a specialty.

$1.50 Pays for THIS PAPER one Year. 75c sale for 6 months, 50c for 4 mos.

FURNITURE.

Persons desiring to purchase Furniture and House Furnishing goods, would do well to call and examine our new stock of goods, consisting of

Chamber Suits,
French Dressers,
FANCY CHAIRS,
FOLDING LOUNGES

and everything usually kept in a well-regulated Furniture Store.

We are also agents for the Celebrated

LIGHT-RUNNING
AMERICAN No. 7
SEWING MACHINE.

Give us a call, and see the many Bright and Pretty, Useful and Ornamental, Substantial and Dainty things we have in stock.
FRED DEHAVEN.

Wanted.

To buy all kinds of Indian work, such as Axes, Pipes, Pottery, Discoidal Stones, Arrow Points, Pestles, &c. Send them all to me, or your P. O. address and I will call on you. Send for my price list.
E. B. GREGORY,
Cloverport, Ky.

TWENTY DOLLARS
WILL BUY

THE MODEL
SINGER
SEWING
Machine
New and Warranted
FOR FIVE YEARS.
WITH ALL THE ATTACHMENTS.

THIS price pays us a small profit. Don't pay some agent $16 to $30 profit for hauling his machine around from house to house because he has an oily tongue, comes often, and stays long. You pay for

EVERY HOUR OF TIME

and every item of expense he consumes in the price of the machine, and then he tells you ours is too cheap, it is bogus. If we had him to pay $16 commission, would have to

TAKE IT OUT OF YOUR POCKET

and charge you $36. The Grangers knocked patents and reduced them one-half; now help us to break up rings and reduce them one-half more, and then

YOU PAY AS MUCH AS ANY ONE

is entitled to, and more than they would be willing to pay you. We buy our machines and control the price. Most machines are sold for $20 and $50 profit so wagons can be put on the road and some of the best talent in our community employed to talk them up; indeed, if their piety was equal to their zeal, what a revolution we would behold. We have the

REMINGTON & WILSON'S
OSCILLATING
Shuttle Sewing Machines,
WITH ALL ATTACHMENTS, AND WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

Either of the above machines will be shipped to any one on receipt of our price. We have but ONE PRICE, and mark our goods in plain figures. Call and see our large stock of

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Breckenridge County Farm
FOR SALE.

I offer at private sale the farm on which I now reside, six miles east of Cloverport and one mile from the pike. It contains 410 acres of good tillable land, well watered with neverfailing springs, abundance of timber, two dwellings (one in excellent repair), two tenement houses, a good stock and tobacco barn, and all other necessary outbuildings. Will be sold entire or in lots to suit purchasers. I also have some blooded cattle for sale. This is a rare opportunity for any one wanting a first-class farm. Terms made known on application to me on the premises.
E. P. PATE.

BRECKENRIDGE NEWS

CAPTAIN MARY ON DECK.

Her Futile Attempts to Master the Steamboat Method of Gaining Respect.

Captain Mary Miller, the Mississippi river steamboat woman, after several months' practice, is still hopelessly deficient in the art of managing a river boat. It is said she can not get the knack of ripping out those beautiful flowing, polysyllable oaths that have so inspiriting an influence over deck hands and roustabouts, and as for knocking a creek overboard once or twice a day, she says she fears she will never learn that essential steamboat method of gaining respect.

The other day she was trying to make the pond below the St. Francis flats, and stood on the hurricane roof to give orders to the new pilot.

"Now, sir," she said, "will you be so kind as to turn your wheel to the right hand very rapidly?"

The pilot stood with open mouth looking down the river.

"Mr. Pilot," she said striving to draw his attention, "please, Mr. Pilot, do you hear me?"

"Hey?" grunted the man at the wheel.

"Will you do me the favor to turn your wheel over seven or eight times as fast as ever you can?"

Over went the wheel.

"Oh, no, sir, no, sir; not that way; the other way, if you please, sir; quick, my dear sir, quick! Gracious me! Gracious me! We are within twenty fingers of the bar!"

Just then the first mate came up through the forward hatchway, and the poor little woman, half distracted, said:

"Oh, dear, Mr. Mate, I'm feeling faint; I think you'd better take command of the ship."

"Ay, ay, ole gal," and turning to the pilot he sung out: "Hey, there, you —— sleepy-headed son of a gun, hard a port there, or I'll knock a hole in yer —— carcass bigger 'n a bale o' hay!"

The boat slid out into deep water, and Captain Mary Miller went up into her texas state room, where nobody could hear her study her lesson in river conversations. As the boat glided up to the New Orleans wharf she popped her head out of the state room door and called out to a lineman on shore: "Hi, sir, make fast the bow line, and and the one at the other end too. By durn!" And dodged back to put her head under the pillow and cry.

CLIFTON MILLS.

Our quiet little village was thrown into a high degree of excitement about noon last Thursday, April 29, by a report coming to us to the effect that a young lady aged about 17 years, daughter of Mr. Edward Howard, who lives about one mile from town on Sinking Creek, had accidentally shot and killed herself. The facts of the case as best ascertained are about as follows. On the morning of that day she and her brother were at the creek fishing. He having a worthless old shotgun with him had laid it on a rock near by. About 11 o'clock she started to go to the house, and he told her to take his gun with her, and it is supposed that as she picked the gun up the hammer, catching on the margin of the rock, was partly pulled back and fell, thus discharging the gun; or that she fell down and the hammer struck against the rock, thus discharging it. The charge penetrated near the outer corner of the right eye and ranged upward, removing nearly half of the frontal bone and part of the parietal bone of that side, scattering the brain in all directions. Where the gun was lying was out of the boy's sight, the bank being steep. Startled by the report of the gun he hastened to the spot and found his sister weltering in her gore. The remainder of the family were quickly summoned and she was carried to the house. She lived about two hours after receiving the wound, though totally unconscious.

Business is brisk in our town this spring. Mr. B. A. Parks is constantly receiving new goods, for which he finds ready sale.

We deplore very much the loss to this community of Dr. S. B. Adkisson, and we wish to say to the people of the city of Cloverport, into whose midst he goes, that they will find him to be a thorough gentleman, a competent druggist, a sagacious business man, and that his genial disposition will add a new charm to their circle of society.

Mr. C. P. Babbage, of your city, was in town last week, and we are glad to note that he got some orders in his line.

Miss Hattie Coleman and Mrs. Ella Matheny, of Webster, were visiting here last week.

Since our town has got two doctors, it is amusing to see the hand shaking that is done.

Mr. A. M. Glasgow, of this place, has disposed of several tons of fertilizer this spring. BILL NYE.

OAK GROVE.

The farmers are almost done planting corn.

Wheat is looking well in this neighborhood.

Mrs. Ellen Pate is very ill.

Mr Aaron Huff and Miss Hager were married last Sunday. Mr. J. Holderman and Miss A. Bates were their attendants. We wish them much joy.

They are meeting with great success with the Sunday School at Taul's School house.

High-top buggies are getting common in this section now.

Mr. G. Pate is talking of putting up a bar-room at Joe Taul's shop.

BURAS.

Corn planting is still the go.

John Carman has been very ill for several days, with no signs of improvement.

An agent for Itent, Basset & Co., Leitchfield was in town to-day.

The Literary Society is still prospering.

Our Sunday School is prospering.

Dr Baker, of Hardinsburg, was visiting the sick of this vicinity to-day. J. M. & B.

ROSETTA.

Spring has come at last and all nature seems to smile, and we feel that we are in a good humor with ourselves and the rest of mankind.

Farmers are very busy, and are progressing with their work finely.

Mr. Alfred Taylor is done planting corn. All is moving on finely.

Our merchants both stores, have received their spring and summer stocks, and are selling at prices that will compare favorably with the lowest. Call and see them.

We have just learned of the death of Miss Howard, a daughter of Mr. Ed. Howard, near Webster. It seems that Miss Howard and three of her little brothers and sisters were on the creek fishing. A boy 8 or 10 years old saw a rabbit and went and got his gun. He set the gun against a large rock, and remarked that he must take the gun to the house. Miss Howard said, "I will take it with me. I am going to the house." The boy said, "No, let it alone," and went down the creek out of sight. He heard the report of a gun, and went where he left his sister, and found her lying on the ground with a portion of her jaw and head blown off, and brains and blood scattered round. She died in a short time after getting her to the house. It is supposed that Miss Howard was on top of the rock and stooped down and lifted the gun up. The hammer struck or caught against the rock which caused the gun to fire with the above result. Miss Howard was about 18 years old. We deeply sympathize with the bereaved family. The gun was one of those short, hence dangerous, ones.

George Neff has left us, and has a situation with Mr. John Pusey, of Dee Run, Meade county.

We are all well pleased with the appointment of Dr. H. K. Pusey as superintendent of Anchorage Asylum. Thanks to Gov. Knott for his judicious choice. Dr. Pusey is a man of brains and a big hearted, Christian gentlemen. XERXES.

SULPHER WELL, Grayson County.

Wheat looks well.

Our farmers are busy planting corn.

The health of this community will compare favorably with that of any other in the state.

This is the county for a poor man who wants to own a home of his own. He can buy good, level, well-timbered land here on Short Creek, within ten miles of the railroad, for $3 per acre. We have school ten months in the year, and are well blessed with churches. We can hear the bells ringing in every direction every Sunday morning. We have many good people and some few bad ones, but I am glad to say the latter are fast moving out and good ones coming in and taking their places.

Well, Mr. Editor, we have a well here that is 900 feet deep and affords the best of sulphur water. Can you beat it? [We can't. All our sulphur wells are springs. —ED. NEWS.]

The nearest whisky shop to this community is nine miles distant.

Mr. Eli Gaither killed two wild turkey gobblers last week. And don't he blow though? Well, he does.

The estimable wife of Mr. William Fraize departed this life on the 6th day of February, 1881, leaving a loving husband and four little boys to mourn her loss. She died in the happy certainty of a blessed immortality. "Man that is born of woman is of few day and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down. He fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not." Z. F. W.

LOST RUN.

The farmers in this part of the Lord's vineyard are about all through planting corn, and are now at work at their tobacco ground.

We have a fine prospect for tobacco here this year, as nearly all the leading tobacco growers canvassed their beds, and now have plants almost large enough to set out.

Messrs. Carman & Gregory are putting up tobacco in one house and Mr Leichardt in the other, and they can boast of having the finest purchases of the weed that have ever been made in this county.

Miss Laura Haynes, one of our accomplished young ladies, has returned from a protracted visit to Bewleyville, and now contemplates another to Custer, than to Cloverport.

Miss Shellie Kayn, of Big Spring, is spending the summer at this place with her sister, Bill Hardin's wife. You know Bill. B. H. W.

A Disgruntled Republican.

Editor Breckenridge News:

LOUISVILLE, May 3.—So the republican convention is over, and Evans happy, Bradley jolly, Lewis merry, and Culbertson gay.

Arthur, with his finger on his nose, is smiling a sweet, significant "smile."

How beautiful it is for "brethren to dwell together in unity."

Walter Evans is a splendid drill-master. Arthur couldn't have done better than to send him down here.

In the field, too, he is an able commander. Old "Rough and Ready" did not perform better at Buena Vista than Walter Evans did in Kentucky. Old Rough and Ready had only four to one against him, but Walter E. had about six or eight to one in Kentucky. Blaine, Lincoln and others, eighty thousand; Arthur, ten thousand. It reminds me of the history of the battle of Marathon when the ten thousand Greeks put to flight the Persian hordes.

So mote it be—as we couldn't help it. A DELEGATE.

[The above communication did not reach us until the morning of the 7th inst., a day too late for our last issue.—ED NEWS.

Where They Would Finally Go.

New York Journal.

"Oh, how I would like to travel," exclaimed Mrs. Popperman last evening.

"Well, suppose you could gratify your wish, where would you go?" said her husband.

"Well, I'd go to Florida first, then to the Thousand Isles, than to Chicago, next to Italy, than Washington, Paris, Honolulu, Canada, then to the White Mountains, next London, Cuba, and California, then—then—where would we go then dear?"

"To Flatbush, love, to the poorhouse."

Each Rain Drop a Golden Grain.

Brooklyn Eagle.

"I do so love the spring, the beautiful spring, with its sunshine and its showers," exclaimed the girlish enthusiast. "Don't you, Clara?"

"The sunshine is all well enough, but I can't say I like the rain."

"Oh, dear, the rain's the best part of it."

"The rain the best part of it?" repeated Clara, surprised.

"Yes for then I can sit under the umbrella with George."

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

SAMARITAN NEVER FAILS. NERVINE

THE GREAT NERVE CONQUEROR

The only known specific for Epileptic Fits.
Also for Spasms and Falling Sickness.
Nervous Weakness quickly relieved and cured.
Equalled by none in delirium of fever.
Neutralizes germs of disease and sickness.
Cures ugly blotches and stubborn blood sores.
Cleanses blood, quickens sluggish circulation.
Eliminates Boils, Carbuncles and Scalds.
Permanently and promptly cures paralysis.
Yes, It is a charming and healthful Aperient.
Kills Scrofula and Kings Evil, twin brothers.
Changes bad breath to good, removing cause.
Routs biliousness and clears complexion.
Charming resolvent and matchless laxative.
It drives Sick Headache like the wind.
Contains no drastic cathartic or opiates.
Promptly cures Rheumatism by routing it.
Restores life-giving properties to the blood.
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Reliable when all opiates fail.
Refreshes the mind and invigorates the body.
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Leading clergymen in U. S. and Europe.
Diseases of the blood own it a conqueror.
For sale by all leading druggists. $1.50.

For testimonials and circulars send stamp.

The Dr. S. A. Richmond Med. Co., Props., St. Joseph, Mo. (12)

LORD, STOUTENBURGH & CO., Agents, CHICAGO, ILL.

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HARDWARE,

TIN ROOFING

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Watch out for what he will have to say, and then go and compare his stock, and his prices with "any other man's."

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FRESH OYSTERS IN ANY STYLE,

will be served at any hour of the day on short notice. Don't fail to drop in and see me when you come to Hardinsburg.

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HORSES

TRAINED AND TREATED BY

DR. ALBERT NACKE, V. S.,

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Dr. Nacke, who is a regular graduate of the Veterinary Colleges of Hanover, Germany, and Edinburg, Scotland, tenders his professional services to the Farmers and Stock-raisers of Breckenridge and adjacent counties.

Dr. Nacke, besides having been employed by the U. S. Government as veterinary surgeon, has done a great deal of practice in Kentucky, and has testimonials from many prominent citizens of Hardin, Daviess and this county to his efficiency and skill in the treatment of diseases of Horses and Cattle. He makes a specialty of diseases of the Eye and Hoof. He has a blacksmith-shop under his superintendence at Webster, where he pays particular attention to the shoeing of animals placed under his care on scientific and natural principles.

He has also secured the Training Track on the Basin Spring Farm, and will break young, wild, or vicious horses either to the saddle or buggy, at $20 per month.

He keeps constantly on hand, at his place in the town of Webster, a fine lot of trained and pedigreed riding and driving animals for sale.

Hoping to receive the patronage of the stockmen of Breckenridge and adjoining counties, he confidently refers all inquirers as to his efficiency to Dr. Geo. H. Kurtz, Webster, Ky.; Dr. Wm. Milner, Union Star, Ky.; Mr. Mell. Meador, Big Spring, Ky.; Mr. Virgil Hardin, Holt, Ky., and Mr. Ken Wathen, Webster, Ky.

EXCURSION SEASON OF 1884.

Cincinnati & Memphis PACKET CO.

CHEAP RATES FOR THE NEXT 90 DAYS

Cincinnati will open her GREAT DRAMATIC FESTIVAL on Monday, April 21st, which will continue Six Days, and during which the leading plays of Shakespere will be rendered by the Leading Artistes of the Country, in the famous Music Hall.

The MAY MUSICAL FESTIVAL opens May 21st, lasting Six Days, under the direction of Theodore Thomas, with all the leading European and American talent.

MAKE UP YOUR PARTIES.

Good Music on all the boats, and Tickets good on either of the boats in their line—the Gaff, Boom, Ohio and Buckeye State.

R. W. WISE, Supt.

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Leasehold and Furniture of

THE

CLIFTON HOUSE

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The house has 42 rooms, is very central, and doing a good business. Within a few months it has been newly painted inside and out, and refurnished with new carpets, beds, bedding and furniture. It is within two blocks of all the stores and places of amusement business, and the fashionable retail centre. Street cars pass the door every few minutes, reaching every depot in the city, and the grand Exposition, which is now a fixed fact and will be far superior to the one of last year. Everything is new, clean and nice. Important interests call the proprietor south, and he will sell at a great bargain.

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FACTS REGARDING Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic.

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Buy the BEST AND ONLY COMPLETE PUMP MADE.

We mean the STONE PUMP, manufactured and sold by Eberman & Co., Hawesville, Ky. Every pump sold by them is put in your well or cistern free of cost, and if it does not prove satisfactory no pay is required.

Being made of STONE they will not contaminate the water, RUST, ROT, FREEZE or WEAR OUT, are cheaper, considering their durability, than rope and bucket, or any other pump.

Send them your order, and you will never regret it; or send them your name and nearest steamboat landing, and one of their agents will call on you and show you the pump before ordering. WE SELL ON ITS MERITS, GIVE VALUE RECEIVED, HAVE COME TO STAY, and are SELLING MORE STONE PUMPS TODAY where we have introduced them than all other kinds—wood, chain, or elevating bucket—combined.

Send your name and P. O. address on a card and receive a set of handsome Chromo Cards. Address

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Wanted.

To buy all kids of Indian work, such as Axes, Pipes, Pottery, Discordial Stones, Arrow Points, Pestles, &c. Send them all to me, or your P. O. address and I will call on you. Send for my price list.

H. E. B. GREGORY, Cloverport, Ky.

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Weight 1,600 lbs., will stand the entire year 1883 at the stables of E. Oglesby, one-half mile west of Cloverport, Ky.

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Hercules was four years old last August, is 16 hands high; iron-gray; large, flat bone; heavily muscled; well proportioned body; beautiful head and neck, and fine style and action.

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Parting with the mare before she is known to be in foal will forfeit the insurance money. Care will be taken to prevent accidents, but we will not be responsible should any occur.

You are cordially invited to call and examine our horse before selecting another to breed from. There is no other breed of horses so well adapted to the wants of our farmers, or on which we can so surely depend for improvement in the character and form of our mongrel breeds.

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D. HAMBLETON, Holt's, Ky.
THOMAS IRELAND, Hancock Co., Ky.
E. OGLESBY, Manager, Cloverport, Ky.

Mares from a distance will be grazed six weeks free of charge. No responsibility for accidents or escapes. E. OGLESBY.

CLIFTON WATER MILLS.

Having lately put the above named Mills in perfect repair, we are now ready to do first-class work and insure general satisfaction. Custom work a specialty. One-eighth toll, and a good turn out and good flour guaranteed. An experienced miller always in the mill and ready to accommodate. Good stables for horses from a distance. Grinding at all hours, night or day.

Flour, Meal and Feed

always on hand, and for sale cheap. Thanking the public for their liberal patronage in the past, we would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

OUR FLOUR

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Hardinsburg, Ky.

COLEMAN & GLASGOW, Prop'rs.

LOOK LOOK!

Again I come to the front with a complete line of

SPRING GOODS,

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FOR CASH!

cheaper, in fact, than similar goods were ever before sold in Hardinsburg. Quick sales and small profits, is my motto.

EXPERIENCE

has taught me that it is better to sell for cash on a

VERY SMALL

margin, than to sell on a credit of 10 per cent.

To those who wish

BARGAINS,

I boldy say that it will greatly conduce to their interest to examine my stock before buying elsewhere.

Come and see for yourself, and be satisfied.

Come and examine, if you don't buy.

A. X. KINCHELOE,

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Subscribe for it.

BIRD CAGES The largest assortment in the city, of all sizes at BABBAGE'S.

Excelsior Marble Works,

J. E. KEITH & CO.,

CLOVERPORT, KY.

THE SUPERB HOLSTEIN BULL

PRINCE ALBERT,

Will stand at Virgil Hardin's in Holt's Bottom, the present season, and will be permitted to serve cows at $3, the money due when the service is rendered.

DESCRIPTION.

Prince Albert is black and white, fine form, weighs about 1,200 lbs., and was two years old the 5th of last May. He was bought of J. D. Guthrie, of Shelby county, Ky. His dam was Lady Fisher, a favorite milker, that gave 8 gallons per day. He is owned by

DR. G. H. KURTZ, Webster, Ky.

LOUISVILLE & HENDERSON

Packet Line.

Passenger, Mail and Express Boats.

For all way landings, between Louisville and Henderson, the elegant and fleet steamers

JAMES GUTHRIE.
D. L. Penny, Master. Allen Jennings, Clk.

RAINBOW.
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GREY EAGLE.
J. G. Berry, Master. R. B. Baldwin, Clk.

Passing Cloverport one down and one up daily

$1.65

—WILL BUY THE—

Breckenridge News and Home and Farm, an excellent farmer's paper for one year.

NOVELS by all the favorite authors, cloth bound and in the popular cheap Library forms, at Babbage's.

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and all BILIOUS COMPLAINTS are relieved by taking WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS

Purely Vegetable; No Griping. Price 25c. All Druggists.

CATARRH ELY'S CREAM BALM

has gained an enviable reputation wherever known, displacing all other preparations. An article of undoubted merit. Is convenient and cleanly. It causes no pain nor sneezing.

IT IS NOT A LIQUID OR SNUFF

HAY-FEVER

Apply by the finger into the nostrils. It will be absorbed, effectually cleansing the nasal passages of catarrhal virus, causing healthy secretions. It allays inflammation, protects the membranal linings of the head from additional colds, completely heals the sores and restores the sense of taste and smell. Beneficial results are realized by a few applications.

A thorough treatment will cure.

Unequaled for COLD in the HEAD Headache and Deafness, or any kind of mucous membranal irritations. Send for circular. By mail, prepaid, 50c a package—stamps received. Sold by all wholesale and retail druggists.

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DR. BRADLEY'S

BLOGETTO OIL,

A sure cure for

Rheumatism,
Neuralgia,
Bronchitis,
Colic or Cramps,
Bruises or Sprains,
Piles, Burns, &c.

Price, 50c and $1.00. Manufactured and for sale by J. A. WITT, Hardinsburg, Ky.

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DENTISTS,

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SMITH & BEARD, Proprietors,

Leaves Cloverport for Hardinsburg daily (except Sundays) at 8 o'clock a. m. Connects at Cloverport with the Louisville and Henderson mail-line steamers. Persons desiring conveyance can be accommodated. Express business promptly attended to.

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Marvelous success. Insane Persons Restored. DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER for all BRAIN & NERVE DISEASES. Only sure cure for Nerve Affections, Fits, Epilepsy, etc. INFALLIBLE if taken as directed. No Fits after first day's use. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free to Fit patients, they paying express charges on box when received. Send names, P. O. and express address of afflicted to DR. KLINE, 931 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa. Druggists. BEWARE OF IMITATING FRAUDS.

Wanted.

All persons indebted to Dr. Geo. H. Kurtz for services of Horses and Jacks, to come forward immediately and settle, and thereby save costs of collection, as I am needing the money and must have it. Mr. John Staton will receive the money at Hardinsburg and receipt for same, and myself, or John Snider, will receive at Webster.

DR. GEO. H. KURTZ.